

In this issue of The Outlook

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PRESIDENT COOLIDGE set forth the other day his ideal for the press. Pleading for less criticism and fewer attacks, he declared it "ought to undertake to contest with our universities as an influence for education and match the pulpit in its support of high moral standards."

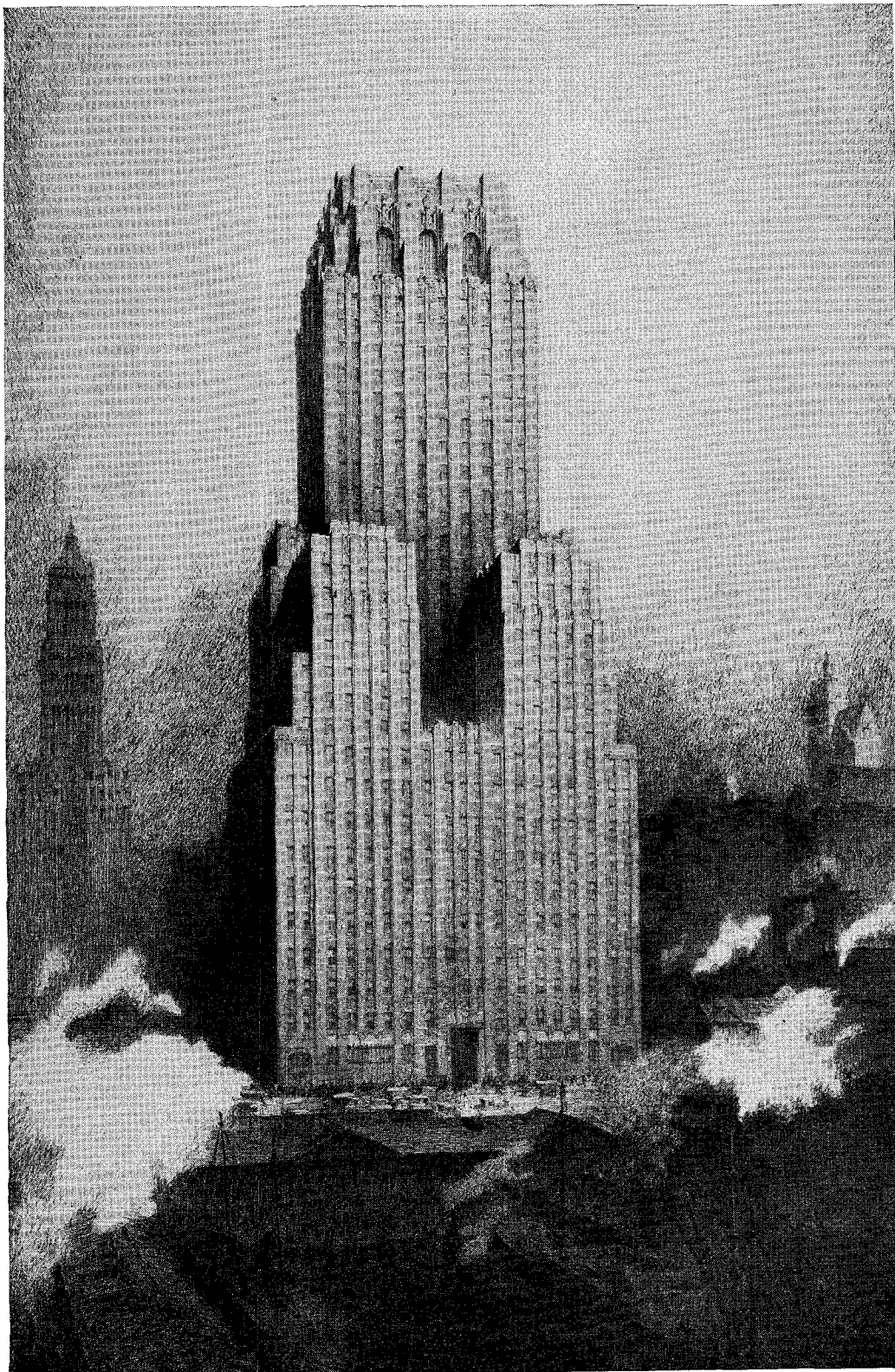
SO far as The Outlook is concerned, this is fallacious doctrine. Universities and pulpits are notably places of authority. Whereas a journal—for the good of its soul and its value to its readers—must always remember that it is fallible. A journal's first business is to make public those matters which are rightfully subjects for discussion. To do this, it must print ideas and criticisms and opinion with which it often is not in accord. Unlike a university or a pulpit, therefore, it must exercise the greatest discretion in the use of its authority. When it chooses to print certain things, it is in no danger. But when it refuses to print certain things with which it cannot agree it is possible that it is suppressing the truth. And to ascertain the truth is the great function of the press.

JOHN STUART MILL, many years ago, wrote what might be called a publisher's creed. He said, first, that any opinion which it is attempted to suppress may possibly be true. Second, if it is not true, the conflict of received opinions with the opposite error is essential to clear apprehension of the truth. Third, if the silenced opinion be an error, it may still contain a portion of the truth; and, since the prevailing opinion on any subject is rarely or never the whole truth, it is only by the collision of adverse opinions that the remainder of the truth has any chance of being supplied.

IT is true, as Mr. Coolidge says, that there is always room for a fairer spirit in the press. But it is a good thing to remember, every now and then, that the acknowledged master of all eminent thinkers, Socrates, was put to death for "impiety in denying the gods recognized by the state and immorality in being by his doctrines and instructions a corrupter of youth." Only through a diversity of opinion does the truth stand any chance of discovery. Progress is the result of the synthesis of the ideas and opinions of all. And it is never secured by the march of authority—whether in toga or robe.

This is the creed of The Outlook.

Francis Rufus Bellamy



Photograph by Palmer Shannon

Voorhees, Gmelin and Walker, Architects

NEW YORK TELEPHONE BUILDING

The Outlook

Volume 148

February 15, 1928

Number 7

Towards a New Architecture

By CLAUDE BRAGDON

THE editor of The Outlook has placed in my hand two books on architecture to be used as the text of any sermon I may choose to preach on the subject. These books are "The Story of Architecture in America," by Thomas E. Tallmadge, and "Towards a New Architecture," by Le Corbusier, translated by Frederick Etchells.

Mr. Tallmadge's book is, as is claimed for it, the first full-length survey of building in America from A to Z—from Architecture as an Art, to the Ziegfeld Theatre, in point of fact. So far from being pedantic or pedagogic, it is written in an expansive and enthusiastic vein which is refreshing, though now and then suggesting the Rotary Club luncheon chairman introducing crutch-tippers, round-moth-ball manufacturers, and window dressers as men "whom posterity will not willingly forget." Mr. Tallmadge's propensity for seeing in every flower a rose and in every goose a swan, his neglect of social and psychological factors, and that kind of catholicity of taste which makes him sometimes run with the hare and hunt with the hounds prevent his book from being important from the standpoint of criticism, but conspire, nevertheless, to its success as a survey, a history, a book of reference, because these qualities insure a balance, a fullness, and a fairness which any partisan bias would automatically destroy. This was for him not hack writing, as such books so often are, but a labor of love. It was a thing well worth doing, and is, in the main, well done.

Le Corbusier's book belongs to an altogether different dimension; it is sulphuric, as the other is bromidic, the product, one would say, of a reincarnated Periclean Greek, whose cold logic, clear intelligence, and mathematical

sense of form finds more food for its admirations in modern works of engineering, airplanes, and motor cars than in the turbid products of architectural romanticists—for we may be sure that a Greek would look with amazement and admiration on our locomotives, liners, tunnels, and bridges, and with nothing but contempt on our pillared and pedimented court-houses and capitols. The epigrammatic aphorisms which form the book's bony structure, as it were, are admirable; and some of them should be emblazoned in letters of gold on the walls of architectural colleges—such as, "Passion can create drama out of inert stone," for example; but when Le Corbusier essays the application of his formulas to architecture and city planning the same thing happens that happens in reading in the second volume of Viollet-le-Duc's "Discourses:" one just cannot imagine one's self being happy living in cities and houses such as these. His chapter, "Regulating Lines," is a valuable contribution to a subject which is assuming constantly increasing importance—the felt but invisible mathematical basis of all good design; and his commentaries on the Parthenon—well, these are what reveal him as a reincarnated Greek.

Now these two books, coming at this time, indicate, first, a growing awareness on the part of the general public to architecture as an art; and, second, a new direction which that art appears to be about to take. The first conclusion is borne out by the fact that such a popular sheet as the "New Yorker" reviews buildings just as it reviews plays and books; that swank and swagger "Vanity Fair" intersperses photographs of new and notable build-

ings among the faces of the Famous and the Fair; and that the "New Republic" not infrequently prints architectural essays from the pen of the author of "Sticks and Stones," the most sound and searching book on the architectural aspect of the American scene—notwithstanding Mr. Mumford's evident and avowed bias—which has yet been produced.

The second conclusion—that our architecture is seeking new forms of expression—is sufficiently attested by the quite disproportionate amount of interest and excitement, both professional and lay, aroused by such buildings as the New York Telephone Building, the Nebraska State Capitol, and Eliel Saarinen's unsuccessful yet triumphant competitive design for the Chicago Tribune Building, all of them embodying marked departures from traditional forms and a striving for some new synthesis. Under these circumstances, it may not be amiss to try to plot the curve our architecture has taken and is taking, and to draw such conclusions as our survey seems to suggest.

The architecture of our earliest colonial period was a product of nature rather than of art; born of the simple and austere necessities of Puritans and pioneers, using such materials as were nearest to hand, the houses had that kind of inevitable structural beauty, that perfect adaptation of means to ends, which belongs to the bird's nest and the beaver's dam. It was only when America became somewhat settled and prosperous, was in active and constant communication with the mother country, and the "mansion" began to supplant the weather-boarded and shingled cottage, that what we now know as the Colonial style arose. This was an off-

shoot of the contemporary Georgian architecture in England, but in transplanting it underwent modifications due both to physical and psychological causes. Its chief difference from the Georgian dwelt in a kind of *attenuation*—columns were slenderer, moldings finer; it became less robust, but, at its best, more elegant. In New York State the Dutch influence crept in, as in Louisiana the French. The piazza, particularly throughout the South, took on a new importance and impressiveness. But these modifications were as of the same plant, adjusting itself to different soils and climates, and the style possessed a consistency, a coherency, a beauty, an appropriateness, which makes the period of its prevalence our brightest architectural era. It was our own, and lent itself easily to all our uses.

The Colonial was succeeded, early in the nineteenth century, by the so-called Classic Revival, which was an outgrowth of the then current enthusiasm for classical antiquity, and took the form of an attempt to reproduce the characteristic features of the architecture of Greece and Rome according to the somewhat erroneous notions of the day—in stone preferably, but, lacking that, in stucco or matched boards. It was bombastic, false, and even a little silly, but, nevertheless, houses that we all remember, with high, white-pillared porticoes flanked by low wings, back from the highroad and atop a rising, tree-planted sward, are charming souvenirs of that

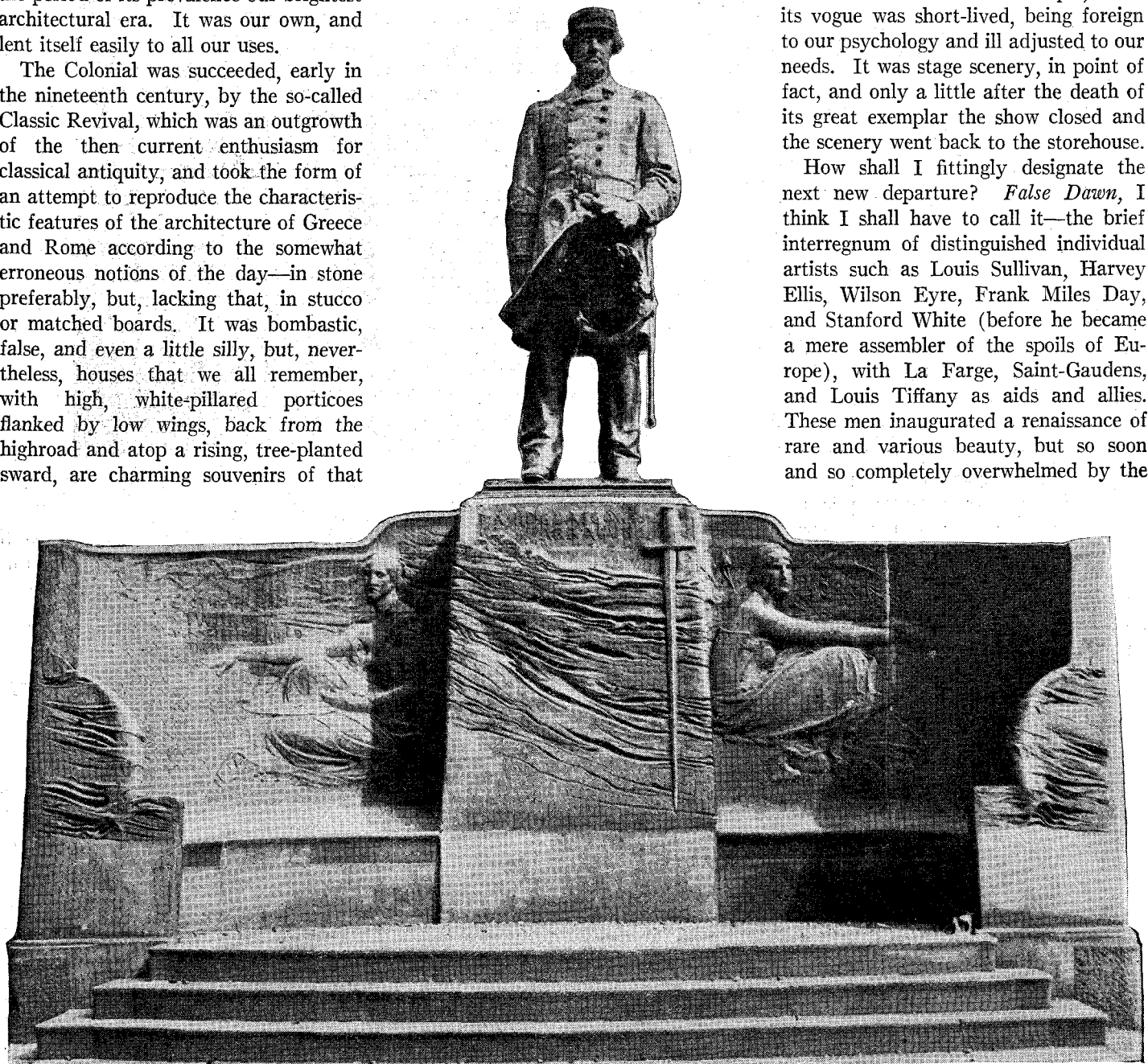
pseudo-classic contagion, and eloquently rebuke "the fatness of these purseymen's times."

The architecture of our post-Civil War or reconstruction period—that "dim, Victorian limbo"—was perhaps as bad as anything the world has ever seen. A great deal of it still survives, even in a city which recreates itself as rapidly as does New York. The Seventy-second Street esplanade and steps, above the Bethesda Fountain in Central Park, the Post Office fronting City Hall Park, and Tammany Hall are perfect specimens of the Boss Tweed era. Witness also the lobby of the Murray Hill Hotel, which came a little later, in its day the very

last word for elegance; and uptown one may still see entire blocks of brown-stone fronts which gaze with glazed eyes across mean streets at exact replicas of themselves. The Ruskinian Gothic revival was represented in the old Academy of Design, on Twenty-third Street, built at about the time the first marble palaces made their appearance on Fifth Avenue. But it was not until the advent of Richardson that the general public realized that there was such an art in the world as architecture, or such a creature as an architect.

Richardson's romantically picturesque Trinity Church, in Boston, captivating the popular fancy like nothing else before or since, inaugurated what is known as "Richardsonian Romanesque," but its vogue was short-lived, being foreign to our psychology and ill adjusted to our needs. It was stage scenery, in point of fact, and only a little after the death of its great exemplar the show closed and the scenery went back to the storehouse.

How shall I fittingly designate the next new departure? *False Dawn*, I think I shall have to call it—the brief interregnum of distinguished individual artists such as Louis Sullivan, Harvey Ellis, Wilson Eyre, Frank Miles Day, and Stanford White (before he became a mere assembler of the spoils of Europe), with La Farge, Saint-Gaudens, and Louis Tiffany as aids and allies. These men inaugurated a renaissance of rare and various beauty, but so soon and so completely overwhelmed by the



Underwood & Underwood

"THE BLASTED BUD OF AN ART THAT NEVER BLOSSOMED"
The Farragut statue in Madison Square, New York, joint product of Saint-Gaudens and White

steam-roller of imperial industrialism that few vestiges of it survive, the delicate house façades of Babb, Cook and Willard, and of McKim, Mead and White having long since been replaced by big bedizened skyscrapers. According to the inexorable law that architecture must express the consciousness behind it, the architecture of self-effacement and refinement had to give place to the architecture of self-assertion and power. But, reader, if you would have the evidence of your own eyes, consider the Farragut statue in Madison Square, the joint product of Saint-Gaudens and White. That simple slate-colored exedra, polished now by nearly a generation of lounging backs, littered, and soiled by playing children's hands, is the blasted bud of an art that never blossomed. Is it symbolical that the creator of this original little masterpiece was murdered by a young millionaire in an affair about a woman? Had he been tied to the golden chariot-wheels too long?

This movement was extinguished by the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, in which the architecture of imperialism announced itself. This has increasingly prevailed ever since, so that our public buildings bear, as a matter of course, the stamp of that ancient Rome which, as Ferrero has pointed out, is so close, economically and psychologically, to modern America. But though it is all very well for an intrenched and triumphant imperialism to spend thousands of perfectly useless dollars on classic columns and carved cornices to decorate the façades of their capitols, courthouses, post offices, and banks, the individual investor, intent on the absolute most for his money, is all for efficiency and economy. In the buildings under his immediate jurisdiction, therefore, particularly in skyscraper architecture, so called, column and cornice go increasingly into the discard, to the advantage, not only of the pocketbook, but of the optic nerve. The bones of these buildings are beautiful and their stark geometry needs no veneer of constructed architectural ornament. Impelled by engineering skill and economic necessity, skyscraper architecture in America now appears to be on its way to something true and something new. Let banks be Grecian temples and railway stations Roman baths, let libraries and museums, clad in immaculate marble, at ease on their esplanades, arch their eyebrows as they may, the skyscraper, for good or ill, increasingly rears its arrogant head above the murmur of the market-place,



From "Manhattan, the Magical Island"

The Great Hall of the Pennsylvania Station, New York City

and by the sheer force of its altitude shouts, "What a great boy am I!"

And why is it such a great boy—greater than anything else architectural that America has produced? Because it is the outgrowth of a *new necessity*, which had to be met in a *new way*. The science of engineering, not the art of architecture, produced the skyscraper, and in architecture we follow in the footsteps of Europe, but in engineering we lead the world. Forced to depend upon ourselves for our salvation, salvation is at last in sight.

AND here I reach the point which I am trying to enforce: namely, that with few exceptions the "triumphs" of American architecture are the triumphs of American engineering; that the architect, so far from seeking a new dramatic expression for new building materials and unprecedented structural methods, has been (with a few notable and honorable exceptions) a reactionary, forced

along the path he needs must travel by the pressure of economic and structural necessity, instead of pressing boldly forward in an effort to develop an architecture which is indigenous and new, as is demanded by our unprecedented problems and our modern outlook and point of view.

To prove this contention must I quote chapter and verse? Very well then: Richardson was a reactionary when he built a modern auditorium church in the semblance of the Cathedral of Salamanca; White was a reactionary when he "lifted" the Palazzo Vendramini from the lagoons of the Adriatic and planted it on Fifth Avenue; also McKim, when he made the warm room of the Imperial Baths of Caracalla into a railway waiting-room; Le Brun was a reactionary when he punched the Campanile of San Marco full of holes, planted an illuminated clock in its stomach, and called it the Metropolitan Tower; so also Bacon, with his Greek Doric Lincoln Memorial;

and even Cass Gilbert—I say it reluctantly and with trepidation, for the Woolworth Tower affects one like a strain of beautiful music—when he frittered up its fair and exultant façade with Gothic ornament. Why *Gothic* ornament?

But why extend this list? Why insist on the obvious—that in looking back the architect is in danger of crystallization, may turn, like Lot's wife, to a pillar of salt? He is usually a reconstructive archaeologist in difficulties, of foreign extraction and only partially extracted, believing that all the good songs have been sung and all the true words spoken, and that—

Art stopped short
In the cultivated court
Of the Empress Josephine,

because no American architect except Sullivan has invented a form, feature, or ornament which post-dates the Empire of the first Napoleon.

Now what is the reason for all this—for these are good men and true, however misguiding and misguided? The answer is: The tyranny of Europe and the past over their imaginations, as fostered by the false education to which they have been subjected. Sullivan alone seems to have survived it, but he paled his ineffectual fires in the rising sun of Burnham and Company, who so much more fully shared, and better understood, the captain-of-industry psychology. The engineer, forced to abandon all aid and comfort from the Old World and the past by reason of the newness of his material (steel) and the novelty of his problems, and therefore subject to no educational malpractice, has succeeded where the architect, taught only to lie and to steal, has failed. All that we can truly and unreservedly admire in American commercial architecture is its inspired engineering—and to the degree to which the architect has had a hand in that he is worthy of all praise. Those vast parallelopipedons of brick, those sky-piercing peopled obelisks and towers, those marble-lined, lighted catacombs—everything, in point of fact, that in terms of three-dimensional inclosure ministers to our modernity—we owe more to the engineer than to the architect.

Regret has been expressed in certain quarters that the new Holland Vehicular Tunnel under the Hudson is without any architectural expression or embellish-

ment whatsoever—its entrance a mere hole in the wall. This on the face of it is ridiculous, yet I, for one, am reconciled, because that entrance would in all probability be given the form of a Roman triumphal arch, flanked by two Corinthian columns, or perhaps four—or peradventure six—and I am sick unto death of Corinthian columns. The other day I visited the architectural department of an eminent university, and what did I find? Lusty young undergraduates bent over drawing-boards engaged in flanking "An Entrance to a Garage" with Corinthian columns. I made the remark, "They ought to burn all the books in your architectural library, and then you *couldn't* do a thing so *gauche* as that!" But one young meanie hazarded the question, "Your own among them?" A hit, a very palpable hit!

Let it not be thought that I subscribe to the heterodoxy embodied in a remark made by a well-known captain of industry: "Engineering is all that there is to architecture, anyway." No! a thousand times no! The engineer, as a rule, knows nothing and cares less for those very spatial rhythms, co-ordinations, correspondences, which by a curious paradox his own mathematics are always leading him toward and pointing out. Nor does he know anything of those eloquent juxtapositions of forms and colors, those revelations of the qualities of different materials, and of the quality of sunlight itself, in the recognition of which architecture constitutes itself as a "fine" art. Engineering is the raw drama, and the architect is the skilled dramatist; his work is to dramatize the engineering, to tell what the building is *doing*, what it is *for*, and what it is *about*. And if he be a good architect he will do this with a skill and eloquence of which the engineer, however accomplished, will be utterly incapable. No, the trouble with the architect is that he is trying to tell another and a different story, or to tell his story sentimentally and romantically, in an alien or dead language, instead of simply, straightforwardly, and sincerely in a language all can understand. This is the task to which, in the end of all ends, he will have to address himself. Greece, Rome, Renaissance Italy, and mediæval Europe will not help him. If he plays about in those fair and ruined gardens, he is only wasting his time. What he requires is a different training and point of view entirely; he should do, not *what* the engineer has done, but *as* he has done.

BUT to reform the architect will not insure a beautiful architecture, unfortunately, because at best the architect is only a medium through which the more diffused consciousness of the people manifests. So if a skyscraper be only a place for the transaction of sharp bargains, it will show itself, not as a "Cathedral of Commerce," but as a monster of the mere market, whether done well or ill. And if a bank be a devourer of widows' houses, though it be made in the semblance of a temple or a church, it will have a cutpurse look about it nevertheless. A house only looks like a *home* if it is one, and a prison will have the look and feel of a prison, done in whatever style one will.

No, God is not mocked, and least of all when man most mocks him; theft never enriches, alms never impoverish, the liar never can conceal the truth. This is what reconciles me to all our architectural atrocities; from them we may learn the truth about ourselves. For there is a perfect correspondence between the symbol and the thing signified; the measure of the difference between colonial days and these days is just the difference between the "one-hoss shay" and the automobile, and if the insane speed of our industrial productiveness destroys human values, the insane speed of our automobiles will continue to destroy human lives. A skyscraper shouldering itself aloft at the expense of its more humble neighbors, stealing their air and their sunlight, is a symbol, written large against the sky, of the will-to-power of a man or a group of men—of that ruthless and tireless aggression on the part of the cunning and the strong. One of our streets, made up of buildings of diverse styles and shapes and sizes—like a jaw with some teeth whole, some broken, some rotten, and some gone—is a symbol of our unkempt and irresponsible individualism.

WHAT we need is a new consciousness, and a new architecture will follow "as the night the day." A biologist told me once that the form was created by, and followed the function, and that before the heart appears in the human embryo there is a palpitation where the heart is going to be. So let us give over all this battle of styles, and I, for one, am even willing to unsay everything that I have ever said, if only we can start that palpitation in the place where we want beauty to grow up.

Anti-Semitism

By LOUIS GOLDING

AT a time when the outlines of human knowledge are being profitably marketed it seems to me that something might be done with the outlines of human ignorance and prejudice. The theme of intolerance generally has been treated by the film in the correct grandiose manner. Professor Bury in an earlier generation and Mr. Hendrik Van Loon in this have found it a fruitful avenue of meditation. But I am not aware that any film magnate or philosopher has yet turned his attention to an "Outline of Anti-Semitism." What an opportunity has been missed! What infinite versatility of treatment or background might not a Mr. Cecil de Mille or a Mr. Lewis Browne have elaborated! They would start with the first anti-Semite, away in the deserts of Mesopotamia. Abraham, the protopatriarch, is standing before his tent in the cool of the evening, blissfully contemplating his herd of sheep and goats. The first anti-Semite (whose goats have the mange and whose sheep have the foot-and-mouth disease) stands leering at Abraham, with this thumb at his nose. "Yah, Jew!" he growls, and turns in to his skinnier concubines. Abraham turns to his devotions with that slightly irritating consciousness of his especial election by Jawveh, which has as much to do with the first anti-Semite's primal anti-Semitism as that unfortunate business of the mange and the foot-and-mouth disease.

That is a suggestion for the opening panel of Mr. Warner's super-cosmic film. Or did I say Mr. de Mille? They may fight it out between them. The concluding panel might represent a scene at the Authentic, which is Park Avenue's most exclusive club of hundred-and-one-per-cent Americans. The illustrious millionaire, Jabez de Rochefort, is up for election. His daughters have married into all the better Balkan royal families. His sons were members of the Bullingdon at Oxford, the horsiest and bluest of fraternities there. It has come out that Jabez de Rochefort was born Solomon Birnbaum. In a few minutes the ballot will be declared. Jabez de Rochefort's agents have been present in the club all day, less like bodies than emanations, the incense of the refined elixir of gold. They have at their dis-

Mr. Golding is a graduate of Oxford, and the author of several novels. He writes, he says, as a Jew who is not so much proud of his heritage as thrilled by it; and as one who has had more contact with non-Jews than is common among his race. His is an unusual contribution to a historic prejudice; particularly as it separates the mystical feeling from the rational objection and finally proceeds to a discussion of what the author calls "a *rationale* of anti-Semitism."

posal for the disposal of the Authentics a series of incredibly blank checks. Will Solomon (I mean Jabez) get through? Will he? Won't he? Will he? Won't he?

He does not.

Tableau to Mr. Griffith's masterpiece—Mr. Rochefort becomes Mr. Birnbaum again. He turns home to Palestine. He takes a hoe in his hand. In the sweat of his brow and the anguish of his backbone he is shriven for stupidity and sycophancy. He is a pioneer, one of the *chaluzim*, as they are called in that land. A radiogram is received from the Lord High Master of the Authentics. Will Birnbaum become an honorary vice-president? He will not. His Sharon heifer calved that morning. The seedlings have just come in for the new cypress plantation. Mr. Birnbaum is too busy.

YOU see that an "Outline of Anti-Semitism" will take you a long way further back than the time of Jesus, and to regions far remote from Kishinev and Park Avenue. The Bellocian analysis of anti-Semitism leads us nowhere—the contention that the whole business arises in a mystic abhorrence of the people who were responsible for the Crucifixion. The co-partners with the Jews in the tragic episode are the pinnacle of the Bellocian rapture—the Romans, I mean. I contend that you must go further back—to Abraham, if not to Methusaleh. The queer luck, the queer tenacity, the queer vitality of the Jews must already have been obnoxious enough to the Gentiles. But when, during the Palestinian history, that swarthy desert stock added to itself the volatile Mediterraneanism of

the conquered Philistines they achieved an amalgam of qualities never before or since united. To the desert sense of stern law they added the sea sense of adventure and commerce. As history proceeded, the Jews became the one race which was as old as the oldest and as new as the newest. There was no extinguishing the Jews. The more they were decimated, the more they increased. The more they were confined, the more they proliferated. It was impertinent. It was intolerable.

Josephus, the great Jewish historian (of whom Scaliger wrote that he was "the most diligent and the greatest lover of truth in all writers"), gives you some idea of how versatile our "Outline of Anti-Semitism" would have to be. "For I will bring," he writes, "the Egyptians and the Phœnicians as my principal witnesses, because nobody can complain of their testimony as false, on account that they are known to have had the greatest ill will towards us, while it is known that the Tyrians have been most of all in the same ill disposition." He quotes a gentleman called Cherilus, who is a good deal nastier about the Jewish race than ever was Mr. Chesterton: "Their heads were sooty; their heads and faces were like nasty horse-heads also, that had been hardened in the smoke." A certain Manetho simplifies the situation by calling the Jews all lepers, and the ingenious Appion (against whom Josephus launches his major thunderbolts) anticipates balefully the wicked blood-libels of mediæval Christian superstition; for he paints a pathetic picture of a certain Greek whom the priests had confined in the Temple at Jerusalem and were fattening up against his imminent despatch.

It will be seen, therefore, that anti-Semitism has had a varied history. I cannot hope to enter into the psychology, for instance, of Appion. What made an anti-Semite out of him? Why did he invent that lovely story of the fattening Greek? He seems to have been rather annoyed, like a good many Gentiles throughout history, that the "Jews, who are citizens of Alexandria, do not worship the same gods with the Alexandrians." But I do not think that is the crux of the matter. And neither did Josephus. The most a man can do

is to restate the problem in terms of his own experience and his own generation, and hope thus to illustrate a phenomenon which has been so persistent in its essence and so varied in its manifestations. I write as a Jew who is not so much proud of his heritage (for pride is a spiritual sin) as thrilled by it, moved by it. I write as a Jew who has had more contact with non-Jews in various categories of race, country, and class than is frequent among us.

No less than the Jew by the Gentile, the Gentile by the Jew is considered broadly from two opposite points of view, the mystical and the rational. There are many Jews who consider him, to put it briefly, as "Other." He is portentous, something inexplicable. He produces the same sort of effect as a Guardsman upon Ouida or, conversely, the "transcendental feminine" upon the more misty-minded among our male novelists. He cannot be argued about. He can only be hated or loved or (it must be confessed) flattered. But, fortunately, the rational point of view exists alongside of it, often in the same mind during its more lucid intervals. From this vantage it is understood that no dim gulf, unbridgable, unsounded, exists between Jew and Gentile. Of course, the obvious and often enormous differences are perceived. How can it be otherwise? the question is asked. For all that it counts—and that may be much or little, according to equally tenable philosophies—there is the primary ethnical distinction. There is the violent divergence between their racial traditions and histories, reaching down to the roots of human record. There are the powerful factors of environment, distinguishing them early and, usually, late. And yet, despite all these considerations, it is held by the rationalists that essentially the human resemblances between the products of different races and environments are more fundamental than their differences; that the Gentile need be considered neither from some height of particularist derision nor from some cave of ignominious abasement. It is held by this type of Jew that, surprisingly, the Gentile hath hands, organs, dimensions, no different from his own; that if he is pricked he bleeds, and if tickled laughs—a discovery, all this, less simple than it sounds.

Now in precisely the same way the Gentile regards the Jew; either mystically, like Mr. G. K. Chesterton, or rationally, like the intelligent man in the

street. Both of these attitudes resolve themselves, respectively, into anti-Semitism, and pro-Semitism, with a preponderance, it will be admitted, in favor of the former. That Jews hardly ever produce "neutro-Semitism," a mere vague indifferentism such, say, as the mention of a Norwegian will produce in the bosom of a Portuguese, is at once the Jewish glory and despair.

Now my concern at the present moment is not this mystic anti-Semitism. If anti-Semitism is an "intuition" and a "revelation" to a man, we must merely beware of him, in the same way as chorus girls who are so unfortunate as to possess red hair and freckles must give a wide berth to managers who are hostile to all categories of chorus girls outside the brunette. So too with our friend, Mr. Cohen. If he wishes to endear himself to our mystical anti-Semite, he may resolve himself into Mr. du Cane, he may send himself to Eton, to proceed thence to Oxford; but that faintest of nasal curvatures, that irreducible minimum of racial mannerism?

The history of anti-Semitism during the early and middle Christian era is largely the lamentable history of this mystical "instinct," but there is also such a thing as a rational anti-Semitism, or rather—and it is not the same thing—a *rationale* of anti-Semitism. This "rational anti-Semitism," if I use the word, has had far less opportunity of exercising itself in the past, for the simple reason that never, until recent centuries, have Jew and Gentile mingled so freely together. It is the mystical variety of this unhappy sentiment which has been the cause of dispersions and pogroms. I could make learned exceptions of the periods when Jews and Greeks mingled in Alexandria, Jews and Arabs mingled in Granada. But these could be considered conveniently as an anticipation of a time when Jews and Anglo-Saxons were to mingle not less freely in London and New York. I repeat. Mystical anti-Semitism has caused the pogroms. Torquemada was as single-hearted a foe of those he considered his country's enemies as Judas Maccabæus. The other complications the philosophers have tried to resolve—jealousy, fear, and dislike for the foreigner and the rest—certainly have played their part. But predominantly in history Jewish persecution was the same sort of innate and pernicious stupidity (if this is not too strenuous a translation of the term "mysticism" I have been using) as other survivals from

the common bestial tradition of the adolescent world.

Let me be honest about it. Speaking as a Jew, is there, or is there not, a rational anti-Semitism? I believe there is. Jews in certain ways are objectionable. So, too, in certain ways are Germans, Americans, Tahitians. Jews arouse a good deal of animosity on personal and other grounds. Is it justified? Is there, that is to say, a *rationale* of anti-Semitism? Sometimes we cannot help ourselves, and emphatically should not. It is the behavior of the poor boy in the public school, the rich youth at the university, the carpenter, the blouse-maker, we must examine, and without this Teutonic mysticizing which is so fashionable. Let us get down to the concrete situations, a task in which I hope to involve myself neither in pro-Jewish apologetics nor in anti-Gentile recriminations.

It would be useful to begin at the bottom of the social scale. For several decades, suspended only by the war, there had been a steady stream of the poorest type of Jewish immigrant into western Europe and America. It was a stream which grew in turbidity and which remorselessly widened its banks, displacing in its movement the native Gentile populations. This gradual occupation by Jews of the residential districts nearest, in many cases, to the heart of the cities was a natural source of irritation to the dispossessed Gentiles, whose communications were thus lengthened and made more expensive. I hope we may agree, as Jew or as Gentile, upon what value municipally and nationally this introduction of a vigorous blood was to the bodies politic of the state. We know what proportion of able artists and scholars, even from the first generation of immigrant children, was destined to join the brave bands of medicine, scientific research, music, and literature. But the Gentile, at least, could not be expected to look so far ahead. Yet this was not all he had to complain of. Not only were the districts monopolized in the way I have described, but they underwent a very serious deterioration. That is a matter beyond doubt. In my own not Tithonic memory I can recall streets in certain cities which were clean and quiet in their pre-Jewish days and are now murky and pandemoniacal.

How it is that Jewish boys of this class manage to retain such joyous and abundant energy when half their day is spent at the lay schools and most of the

rest in Hebrew schools, is an insoluble problem; excepting along the lines of the Semitico-Philistine approach I outlined earlier. In the public schools where Jews and Gentiles are taught together it is safe to say that it is the Jewish boy who brings those wrinkles and gray hairs to the countenance of his hapless teacher; but that is a process with which I callously confess considerable personal sympathy. At the high school which follows his energy undergoes a sea change. Forgotten are the attractions of windows, of football. He now devotes himself to the cult of knowledge. He displays an irritating propensity for getting to the top of all his classes and carrying off all the prizes with the exception of those given for the study of the New Testament. The British and American Gentile schoolboy is more sensitive than he seems. The vague annoyance which his own supersession in the race causes him is combined with a certain amount of jealousy on the score of the Jewish boy's inviolable Saturdays and numerous adventitious holidays. But these themselves would be insufficient to explain the Jewish boy's frequent unpopularity. It primarily is his lack of public spirit which causes the mischief. I avow that large numbers of exceptions spring to my mind—Jewish boys who took and take their part gallantly in the sporting activities of their school and, more characteristically, in its general intellectual life. But these were the exceptions, not the rule. Of course, we must again recognize that the Gentile boy looks at the matter from his individual, and a very limited, angle. He does not realize that the shadow of penury hangs very frequently over the sort of Jewish boy I am speaking of; that, in his case, a great deal more depends on the results of his scholastic labors. His life is haunted by the terror of the sweating-den. He must not slacken, or it will open for him without reprieve its hospitable jaws.

As we are ascending the rungs of the educational ladder, let us proceed finally to the university. At school the Jewish boy has behaved rather like an automaton than like Mr. Kipling's Stalky. We will not decide which behavior is preferable. At the university the type begins to show more variety. The line of central development still remains the abstract, the automatic; but there are two interesting digressions. He can be observed in two opposite ways responding to the influence of psychological over-compensation. I think the less credit-

able of the two is the young gentleman who takes to check breeches and a large cap with a sloping peak, in the manner of an Ethel M. Dell demigod. At Oxford he becomes more imperialist than the Emperor. At Yale (I am informed) he becomes more Republican than the President. At Oxford he laments the disruption of our ancient Empire, at Yale he inveighs heartily against the race of "kikes." He slaps his thigh valiantly and says "chappie." I assure you, he is not mythical. I have observed both him and his antithesis at Oxford during a protracted residence. And all the time his quite unconscious disingenuousness is provoking a puzzled and indignant laughter in the bosom of his Gentile acquaintance. Far be it from me to suggest that he should discard check breeches and a large cap with a sloping peak. They are highly decorative. I am merely stating from knowledge that his inability to be candidly a Jew is the cause of much furtive and explicable anti-Semitism. It would be possible to be quite logically a British imperialist or an American Republican from the declared platform of his Judaism. He would be a valuable member both of his race and his country. To be neither clearly and bravely is an error which he usually finds reason to repent.

In contrast to him, a shade less unpopular with his Gentile friends, but a great deal more embarrassing, is the over-emphatic, the sourly insistent Jew. Surely, it is reasonable to assume that a man's race and religion should no more be shouted *sur tous les toits* than they should be timidly disguised under a mummy-like welter of wrappings. In a strict sense, they are nothing more either to be ashamed of or to vaunt than the number of a man's fingers or the color of his eyes. We have all met this gentleman (he is occasionally a virile specimen of the opposite sex). He is distinguished by the fiendish dexterity with which he interprets any theme, from the philosophy of Keyserling to the virtues of the electric kick-starter, into a subtle attack upon his religion. The most dispassionate comment on Jews or Judaism he accepts as a gage and snorts lustily for battle. An excess of zeal, you say? Better this exasperating fervor than a pale indifference. I grant it. But it makes him a thorn, none the less, in the Gentile bosom that would receive him.

Do Calvinists assert the doctrine of predestination at afternoon tea? Do Roman Catholics insist on the Pope's infallibility at Macy's store? They do,

occasionally, and they are unpopular. But I am not writing to suggest codes of conduct. I am writing to assign causes for anti-Semitism. They may appear trivial. They must be taken into account.

LET us turn, then, to the average Jew or Jewess working at a factory or in an office. Why do so many Gentiles shudder to enter the larger and more garish cafés of the great capitals? Because so large a number of these same Jews and Jewesses have taken possession of them with (as the Gentiles think) so appalling an ostentation of vulgarity?

Jewish girls of the most unimpeachable probity frequently appear in the fashionable sections of cities dressed with a wild exuberance which, as if deliberately, produces an unfortunate misconception. Spiritually this riot of costume is both pathetic and beautiful. Often enough it is the one escape from a drab similarity of working days and a constricted and colorless home. It is a subconscious symbol of emancipation from an inheritance of persecution. But its effect upon the Gentile should be studied. The process should result in some interesting reflections.

There is no class of Jewish society into which this canker of ostentation and flamboyance does not penetrate. I remember an occasion on which an absurd friend swept me away to a most feudal gathering of the county clans at a very exclusive shire hunt in England. There was one group which particularly interested me, even from a distance. For the most part it was left in strict isolation; but it would occasionally make a concerted attempt to absorb or attach itself to some other group. An awkward decoalescence would follow speedily. On closer observation, the group resolved itself into a party of Jews and Jewesses whose wealth was very considerable and very obvious. Their costume was an endeavor to amalgamate the tweeds of the countryside with the bejeweled décolleté of the Ritz; gems twinkled and spat, gold gleamed self-complacently. They spoke the unabated *patois* of Whitechapel. My friend—a Gentile, but in no real sense an anti-Semite—exclaimed, impatiently: "Why must these people assume an interest they don't possess and parody manners they've not had time to understand? This sort of business is purely English, a sacrament of the countryside. You'll not find Italians here, or Frenchmen, ex-

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Warden Lawes and Capital Punishment

By COURTENAY TERRETT

HE is a plumpish man, with the mild shade of blue eyes which often accompany red-tinged hair. He seldom smokes, except for a cigar after dinner, and upon occasion one can find him working in his shirt sleeves. His courtesy cloaks a shy friendliness, but he is capable of achieving a profound and outwardly calm anger which is devastating.

Those angers rise within him seldom; he prefers not to become angry, for it disturbs him physically. Yet from fifteen to twenty times a year he is liable to these seizures.

For three or four days, fifteen or twenty times a year, he is nervous, subject to irritation, troubled with insomnia.

For he is the warden of Sing Sing Prison, this man of milder mien than most grammar school principals, and it is his duty to see that those who have done murder in the first degree and have exhausted all legal resource are put to death in the manner prescribed by the State of New York.

Somewhere he has written, "I have seen many men put to death in the electric chair." Some where else he has said, "I have witnessed some 120 executions." But there is a great difference in the number of executions he has seen and the number he has witnessed, for those he literally saw came in his early years as a penologist, when he was convinced of the efficacy of capital punishment. Now, one of the country's foremost opponents of the death penalty, he lends only his corporeal presence to a ceremony which has become increasingly odious to him.

It has been charged that Lewis E. Lawes is a *poseur*, a hypocrite; it has been said in print, "Why does he not give up his job if he objects to execution?" His unobtrusive habit of averting his eyes from the scene of legal murder has been damned as the cheap theatricalism of the publicity seeker.

The man's earnestness belies these attacks. Asked point-blank and beligerently why he does not watch an execution, he flushes and answers, shortly: "I've seen enough of them. I don't like them." When he is asked why he retains an office which requires him to do an act he publicly denounces, he ex-

plains: "The State hires me to run this prison and carry out the sentences of the courts. It has not enslaved my opinions. My business is penology, and this is the best place I've had to do that sort of work. The ultimatum of 'Shut up or get out' should apply no more to me than to the many other public officials—prosecuting attorneys and judges and legislators and even Governors—who oppose capital punishment, and I refuse to admit that there is any conflict between my personal view and my official acts."

He does not explain that he is invulnerable to attack, that he is armored by the facts that he is the foremost practitioner of his profession in the State of New York and that a Governor who himself objects to capital punishment is his firmest supporter.

HE himself would rather argue that his invulnerability lies in the fact that his opposition to capital punishment is not emotional, but logical and practical, and that he can prove his argument with cold reasoning and colder statistics.

"The premise upon which the argument for capital punishment is based is that execution is a deterrent of capital crime," he remarked, automatically signing the huge stack of prisoners' pay checks on the desk before him.

"All right then; if you can prove that capital punishment isn't a deterrent for capital crime, that ought to be sufficiently convincing, shouldn't it?"

"If it can be shown, demonstrated by figures and attested by the long experience of authorities, that the death penalty has no deterring value, then it is proved that we should find a more modern and scientific and effective penalty.

"You say, 'Figures, statistics; what are they? Anybody can make his own statistics to fit his argument.' This is one subject, however, in which the statistics form an amazingly one-sided argument over an unbelievably long period of years. The exact figures are hard to dig out in some particulars. Yet I've devoted years to that work, and I believe I have all the available statistics at hand, and I seriously believe that not even the most ardent supporter of capital punishment could translate them into any sort of an argument for his case.

"The statistical data boils down to

this: One out of every eighty-five who have committed homicide is executed; the proportion of executions to homicides is slightly higher. This apparent discrepancy is explained by the fact that often two or more persons are convicted of one homicide. If that is an example of the deterrent power of capital punishment, the deterrent seems so weak as to be almost worthless.

"Taking exact figures over a long enough period of years to allow for any unusual variations, you find that in the States permitting a choice between life imprisonment and the death penalty the ratio is one sentence for every 9.3 homicides; in the States where the death penalty has been abolished the ratio is the same; but in the States which absolutely require the death penalty the ratio is only one sentence for every twelve homicides committed.

"Even in the States where the number of executions is high in proportion to the number of homicides the homicide rate is higher than in States which do not absolutely require the extreme penalty. To pick out one year, 1912, in which we are able to give fairly complete figures, only 12.2 per cent of all those convicted of grave homicides in the forty-three States which provided for capital punishment at that time were executed.

"I know that these figures sound dull to you."

He paused. Cluttering his desk—of mahogany ornately carved by prisoners of a bygone generation—were bales and piles of reports, statements, invoices, bills, for the warden of Sing Sing is not merely the administrator of the lives of some three thousand men, but the directing head of a \$1,000,000-a-year manufacturing business, and the law requires that he alone can attend to most of the great mass of detail.

"I talk as if I loved figures," he grinned, and his ruddy face folded itself into a well-worn pattern of good humor. "If you only knew what a hell of a time these things"—waving at the overloaded desk—"give me, you'd wonder that I ever gathered a single, solitary statistic."

HE relaxed, lolled back in his chair for a moment, and saw through the window at his side his six-year-old

daughter bicycling madly around the paved outer courtyard, while a young bareheaded trusty ran beside her, laughing at her awkward fury to keep the front wheel straight.

A gang of convicts, clad as almost any other manual laborers, came down the hill, herded by one unarmed guard, and passed through the tall gate at the end of the road to the mess-hall in the inner inclosure. They were mostly young men, and they walked with a stride and a swing of shoulder that indicated good physical condition.

"You know," said the warden, and swung back slowly toward his desk, "you know, the best prisoners are the lifers. There's hardly ever a bad one among them. They work hard and behave themselves, and they're probably the most reliable bunch of men here. They're not criminals, you see—that is, most of them aren't in the scientific sense of the word. A lot of them never had a crime to their names before they were sent up here.

"That's another angle. Most of the scientists say that man doesn't reach the age of mature reasoning until thirty or thereabouts. About sixty per cent of all the men sent here in the last thirty-nine years under sentence of death have been under thirty.

"It is safe to say, I guess, that murderers, and particularly the younger ones, hardly ever stop to think of the punishment that may be inflicted on them for their crime. They kill in passion, anger, excitement, and whatever deterrent effect capital punishment may be supposed to have is lost upon them.

"The older murderers sometimes thought it all out pretty carefully and decided to take a chance—the odds were about one to eighty-five in their favor that they'd never be executed.

"But I think it's pretty generally found that the percentage of mentally unbalanced murderers is among the older men rather than the younger. They're the ones who go to the institutions for the insane."

"How do you class the so-called killer?" he was asked.

"He's a mental case, but you can't always pick him out from his behavior. I'll tell you this, though, that the fear of the electric chair never held back a natural-born killer from committing a murder in prison. If they're going to kill, they'll do it. Sometimes it's a guard who's killed, sometimes a fellow-prisoner. Luckily, we haven't had any such case

here for years, though there have been a couple of cases in the insane institutions—which bears out my point that the natural killer is a madman."

"You don't let your guards here carry arms?"

"No; no man who has any contact with the prisoners carries any weapon," the warden said. "There are a couple of good reasons for that: First, it is better for both the spirit of the guard and the inmate. Second, if there were ever a prison rebellion those guards would be killed for and with their own weapons. Only the watch-tower men, the guards who can't be attacked by prisoners, are armed with guns."

"Don't the guards object to going unarmed when they're so outnumbered?"

"Sometimes the younger ones, the new ones, feel a bit nervous." He smiled, and tossed over an aggrieved letter from a recently resigned keeper, complaining that he was not even allowed to carry a club. "But after you've been doing this sort of thing for a while you know just what chances you're taking." He glanced at the child on her bicycle outside, and waved at the door leading to his living quarters beside and above his office. "I'm taking that chance," he said. "So are all the other wardens in the country."

MR. LAWES was President of the Wardens' Association in 1922, President of the American Prison Association in 1923. I asked him how his fellow prison administrators viewed capital punishment.

"I've just sent letters to all of them," he said, "gathering data for the new book I'm having published in the fall, and most of them have been kind enough to answer my queries.

"I'd say, from the answers already received, that about half of them are opposed to capital punishment, that a smaller fraction, say a fifth or a sixth, is on the fence about the subject, and that the rest still believe in it.

"Yet they nearly all agree with me that the lifer is a model prisoner usually, and that the mere fact of capital punishment will not prevent men from doing murder inside prison, where they're almost certain to be captured.

"I haven't been able yet to tabulate and classify all the statistics they've furnished me, but offhand I should say that the new figures corroborate the earlier statistics."

One of the warden's four busy secretaries came in with a bundle of news-

papers. He gave a perfunctory glance at the headlines which they carried.

A few weeks before those same front pages had been black with type, screaming that a man and a woman had been done to death in this big sprawling prison, and both of us witnessed the double, execution, he with face averted, I unable not to look. Neither spoke now of the details, but of the public and journalistic attitude toward the event.

"You'd expect," he observed, "that such advertisement as that execution received would be a deterring force. But I'll predict, on the past records, that the effect will be more likely to the contrary.

"It's interesting to find, as I've gone over the records, that counties, cities, localities, where there hadn't been a murder for years have had epidemics of them in the wake of an execution. It would indicate that execution was an inspiration rather than a deterrent.

"In fact, all the facts go against capital punishment. The figures seem to prove—do prove, to my mind—that capital punishment as a deterrent for capital crime is a failure.

"The other theories about punishment are that it is for revenge—the State's revenge on an individual—and for reformation. Capital punishment isn't a means of reformation, naturally, except to the minds of the ultra-cynical who think the only good criminal is a dead one. And the theory of retribution or revenge is becoming to be admittedly archaic as our notions of science and progress change.

"Then there are some who say the murderer ought to be eliminated. That's unscientific. The records show, unfortunately, that it's usually the poor man who goes to the chair, while the man with money 'beats' it by the aid of expensive legal counsel, the influence he can swing, and the technicalities he can avail himself of.

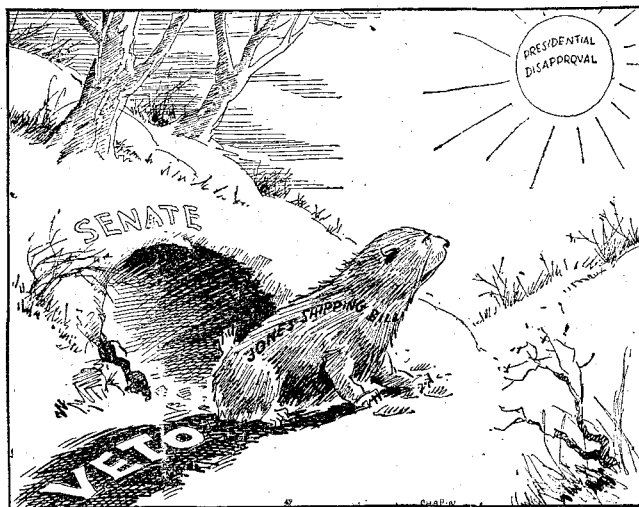
"The poor man's family suffers, too, you must realize, when he is 'eliminated' from society. I don't mean solely emotional suffering, though I believe that is an intolerable and unjust burden for the State to inflict on innocent persons, but I'm also thinking of their economic suffering. Often the State has to help them, sometimes support them entirely.

"No, I insist that we should fit the punishment to the man, rather than to his crime, and this can't be done with the inflexible and arbitrary death sentence.

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According to the Cartoonists

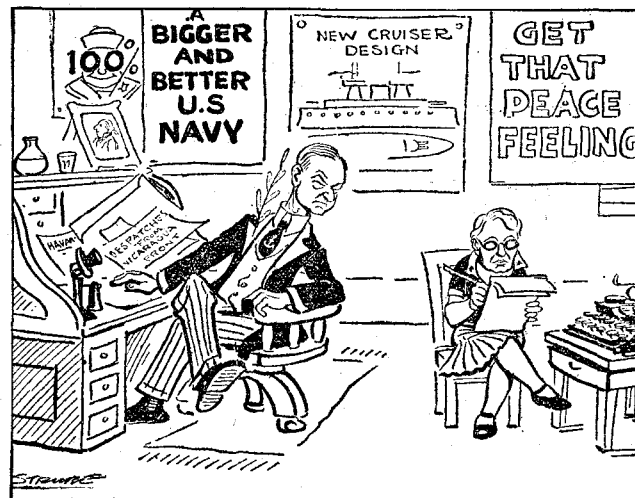
Chapin in the Philadelphia Public Ledger



He knew he'd see his shadow

From G. L. Snyder, Coatesville, Pa.

From the London Daily Express

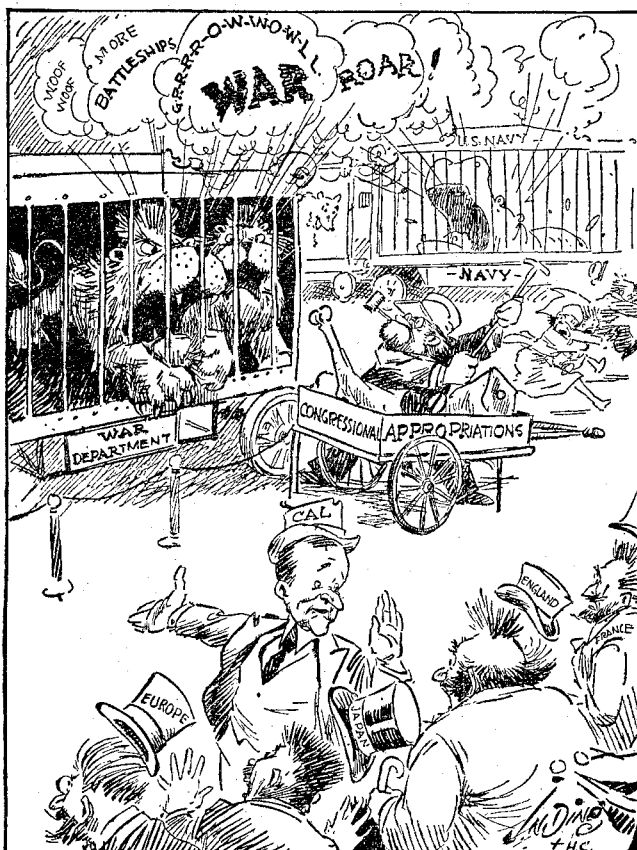


Coolidge: "Have you finished that peace letter?"

Typist Kellogg: "Yes, sir."

Coolidge: "Then write one to John Bull—'Dear John, how do you expect me to get my crowd crazy about my bigger navy if you keep scrapping cruisers?'"

Darling in the New York Herald Tribune



Copyright, 1928, New York Tribune

Cal: "Oh, they're always like that around feeding time"

From J. A. MacArt, East Orange, N. J.

Talburt in the New York Telegram



Isn't it about time for a change of front?

From Dora Albert, New York, N. Y.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK

February 15, 1928

Hoover and Smith in Congress

IN a straw vote of Congress conducted by the Boston "Transcript" recently Hoover and Smith led their respective parties as Presidential candidates. Out of 259 Republican members the vote was: Hoover, 74; Coolidge, 25; Lowden, 21; Dawes, 15; Willis, 14; Norris, 11; Curtis, 9; Watson, 5; Borah, 2; Hughes, 2; Longworth, 2; Fuller, 1; Davis, 1; non-committal, 62; no choice, 11; absent, 4. Out of 202 Democratic members, the vote was: Smith, 45; Reed, 20; Hull, 18; George, 16; Barkley, 8; Ritchie, 5; Donahey, 4; Woollen, 3; Robinson, 3; Pomerene, 2; Garner, 2; Harrison, 2; Walsh, 1; Young, 1; Hitchcock, 1; Meredith, 1; non-committal, 56; no choice, 11; absent, 3. For second choice among the Republicans Dawes led, with Pershing, Fly, and Morrow emerging; among the Democrats Reed led, with Baker, Heflin, and Davis emerging.

A Judge Proposes Legal Reform

JUDGE PROSKAUER, of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, in a speech before the members of the New York Bar Association warned the legal profession that they should reform legal procedure before the public reformed it for them. He cited the experience of Great Britain a hundred years ago, when laymen took legal reform out of the hands of lawyers. He added that the needed reform could be brought about by a change in the psychology of lawyers, and proposed as a basis the following credo or oath for the profession:

"I will join with my adversary in waiving a jury trial wherever and whenever it can possibly be done without the sacrifice of a fundamental right. I will join with my adversary in supporting a trial justice in fair comment upon the evidence and reasonable direction to a jury on the facts. I will join with my adversary in fair concession of undisputed facts. I will not put an adversary

to his proof in respect to facts whose existence my client admits. I will refrain from merely formal or technical objection to the admission of evidence. I will co-operate with the trial justice and my adversary to secure a speedy, prompt, and complete presentation of the facts of the case. I will neither make nor oppose interlocutory motions unless they are of real and practical importance. I will take no appeal unless I am satisfied that substantial error has been committed and that a new trial should reasonably give a different result."

Judge Proskauer's audience applauded loudly and called for a re-reading of the credo.

More Chemical Wizardry

IF only the Republican politicians could hasten into actual production the newly announced plans for turning the farmer's corn-stalks into a multitude of salable products, the political backfire in the Middle West might be quenched by a strong dose of well-distributed rural bank balances. Dreamed of and worked over for years, especially at Iowa State College, a method has at last been found for converting the stalks and even the cobs of corn into paper, chemicals, sugars, and rayon.

Every one is familiar with rayon, made from wood fibers. Wood is largely cellulose. So is corn. There is therefore nothing miraculous about the new process, though it is a piece of chemical wizardry; the chemist is just giving us a sample of some of the surprising transformations which will make our lives different in the next decade and the next and the next, as his fund of knowledge piles up.

Just now German chemists are trying to produce sugar from the air. It sounds like a stock prospectus. Yet this is precisely what plants do. Sugar contains hydrogen, oxygen, carbon. Sugar-cane and sugar beets combine water (hydrogen, oxygen) from the soil with carbon dioxide from the air, do a little extra work on them; result, sugar.

Nature performs this trick with ridiculous inefficiency, from an engineering point of view. Can man beat her?

Army and Navy Still at War

THE Army-Navy football squabble refuses to die out.

In spite of the opinion in well-informed circles that there will be a game between the two Academies in 1928, the date which had been set for this year's Army-Navy game has been filled by the Naval Academy with a game against Princeton.

This will make a clash with the traditional Yale-Harvard game. This, though not unprecedented, is unusual. Army-Navy games for a while were played on the same day, but of recent years they have been kept back a week. This year, with the Army probably playing some important team on that date, there are likely to be three big games on the last Saturday in November.

The Navy-Princeton game this year will break one old precedent—in existence as long as the Yale-Princeton football game, which is the oldest annual football game in the country. Princeton has never before played another game after its contest with Yale.

There are two reasons for this Navy-Princeton game. One of them is the fact that Princeton, smarting under criticisms of a "soft" schedule, wanted one more hard game. The other was that Navy and Princeton have met so often in the past.

That Princeton does not intend to commit itself to this extra game each year is seen in the scheduling of the Navy game for October during the next two seasons. This same incident would serve also to indicate that the Navy hopes for a reconciliation with the Army during 1929.

Incidentally, with 100,000 people in the Pennsylvania stands at Franklin Field, in Philadelphia, Princeton's football team will be playing before the largest crowd that has ever seen a Tiger team in action. And Navy has been

watched by a bigger crowd only once before, in the Army game at Soldier Field, in Chicago, two years ago.

In Contempt of the Senate

A PRISONER before the bar of the United States Senate is a spectacle, like a visible total eclipse of the sun, regular but rare. Few persons have seen it. Floor and galleries were filled, therefore, at noon on Saturday, February 4, when Robert W. Stewart, Chairman of the Board of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, was to appear at the bar for contempt of the Senate. He did not appear. Almost at the last minute he obtained a writ of habeas corpus. It may be, however, that the spectacle was only postponed. The writ may be vacated, and the Senate has expressed determination to carry the proceeding through.

Twice before in the past four years such a spectacle was in prospect but did not materialize because the Senate elected otherwise. Mally S. Daugherty, brother of former Attorney-General Harry M. Daugherty, was arrested by the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate at Washington Court-House, Ohio. He secured a writ of habeas corpus. The Ohio Court denied the jurisdiction of the Senate, but the Supreme Court of the United States reversed the Ohio Court and upheld the jurisdiction of the Senate. Daugherty has never appeared at the bar of the Senate simply because the Senate has not seen fit to press the case.

Harry F. Sinclair was arrested for contempt of the Senate, but the Senate elected to turn the matter over to the District of Columbia courts. Sinclair was convicted and sentenced to three months in prison. The case is pending on appeal.

The Senate chose to try the Stewart case itself. Whether or not it does so will depend upon the action of the Court in the habeas corpus proceedings.

The Case of the Continental Trading Company

WHAT became of the money? That is the question which the Senate Committee on Public Lands and Surveys undertook to answer with the resumption of the Teapot Dome investigation at this session. There were suspicions that about \$250,000 of it found its way from Sinclair to Albert B. Fall, and there were intimations that some of it went into political treasuries.

Robert W. Stewart was brought from Cuba, against his will, to testify. He

did testify freely as to everything except the disposition of the Continental's profits. As to that he refused to answer. After two days of incessant pounding, the Committee reported him to the Senate for contempt, and he was arrested.

While Mr. Stewart was under arrest the Committee had its first definite success in tracing a part of the money. W. S. Fitzpatrick, President of the Prairie Oil and Gas Company, furnished the information. James E. O'Neil, of that company, fled to Europe shortly after the oil scandal broke. Before going, however, he turned back to the Prairie Company \$800,000 of the Continental's profits. That was Mr. Fitzpatrick's testimony. He said that about \$1,200,000 of the Continental's profits were made from Prairie oil, and he did not know what became of the remaining \$400,000.

Perhaps that and other portions of the \$3,000,000 may be traced through other witnesses than Mr. Stewart. Senator Walsh, the Committee prosecutor, has announced to the Senate that he is no longer willing to dismiss the proceeding against Stewart on condition that he give the information.

Anti-Alcoholism without Prohibition

UNDER the Fascist Government in Italy, a recent despatch from Rome reports, the number of wine-shops was reduced from twenty thousand to slightly more than eleven thousand. By what means this reduction was produced is not stated, but it is attributed to the activities of the police. For the most part the anti-alcohol movement in Europe has been directed against the use of spirits; but, according to this report, it is the wine-shops that are affected.

Professor Theremin—Condenser

PROFESSOR THEREMIN'S new "ether-music," described elsewhere in *The Outlook*, involves no subtle scientific mysteries. It is simply the familiar howl of the old-fashioned radio set, tamed, domesticated, refined, until one would never recognize it for the same raucous racket. It is music, and delightful music at that. It has no connection with radio broadcasting, as some may have assumed.

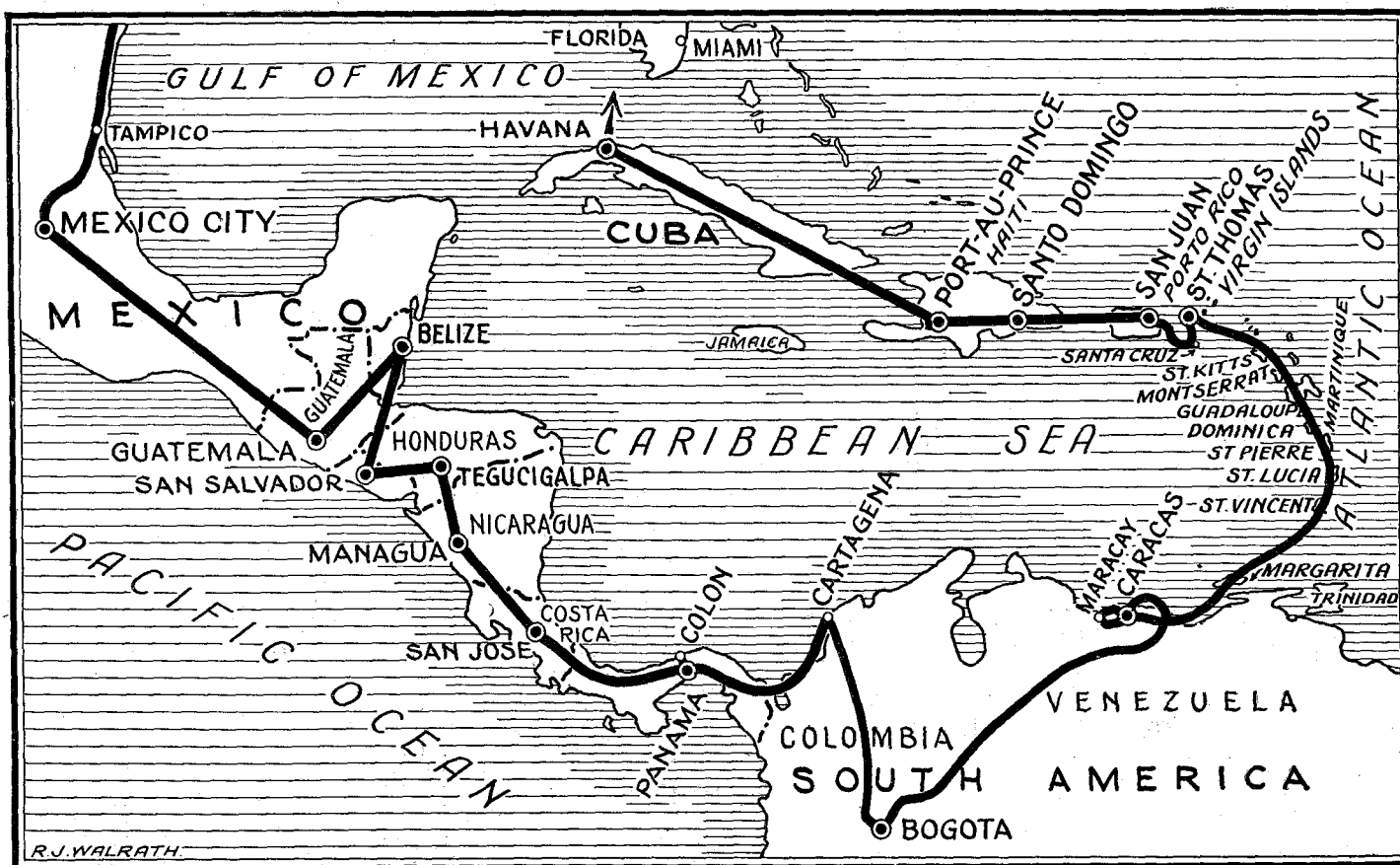
Most of us recall that when we brought our hand near the dials of the early radio sets to tune them we often produced howls which rose in pitch the closer our hand came to the dials. It may be something of a reproach to some of

us that we failed to see behind these unpleasant noises the refinable phenomenon that Professor Theremin saw—music of pure controlled tones. What Professor Theremin does in extracting tones of high or low *pitch* from his magic box is simply to change the distance of his right hand from a vertical wire. What he does in changing the *volume* of sound all the way from a roar to *pianissimo* is to change the distance of his left hand from another wire which happens to be shaped in a loop. Other simple adjustments change widely the timbre, put soul into the tones. The vertical wire simply connects with the filament side of the oscillator circuit of the familiar heterodyne radio set having three stages of amplification, while the loop leads to the grid side. The rawest radio fan will quickly grasp this. Professor Theremin's body actually takes the place of the condenser we manipulate when we turn the dial to tune a radio set, the body having "capacity" which varies with its distance, just as the metal plates of the condenser do.

To develop the instrument required a thorough knowledge of the physics of radio and theory of sound; also some sense of music. Learning to play involves learning how far away from the respective wires to stop one's moving hands for each note and each tone volume, for there are no convenient keys, marks, notches in the air, frets, or other aids. Training alone brings skill, as with a violin. The instrument has some faults, but so had the first piano.

This Cannot Be Matched in America

FOR criticising the Hungarian Government eight years ago, a wealthy Hungarian, Baron Ludwig Havatny, has been sentenced to pay a fine of half a million dollars and to go to prison for a term of seven years. He had spent a large part of his fortune in preventing Hungary from going Bolshevik immediately after the war. Now it is believed that what remains of Baron Havatny's fortune will go in the fine imposed by the present reactionary régime. Baron Havatny is of a Jewish family and was associated with Count Karolyi, and, of course, fled when the Bolshevik régime of Bela Kun overthrew the Republic. Then when Bela Kun in turn was overthrown by the Horthy régime, Baron Havatny denounced the terrorism that followed. That was eight years ago. He made the mistake of returning and throwing him-



Lindbergh's long trail

self on the mercy of the Court. The sentence pronounced upon him has astonished even those parts of Europe that are accustomed to arbitrary government.

Muchado Perfecto

SANTO DOMINGO found two new names for Lindbergh—"the Columbus of the Air" (the Dominicans never fail to remember Columbus, whose body they think—quite questionably—that they have) and "Muchado Perfecto" (perfect boy). We like the latter far better than "eagle of the air" and other sonorous phrases. Not "a perfect boy," but perfectly boy and perfectly American.

Lindbergh landed at Havana last week, on Wednesday. To be sure, we are writing this on the previous Monday, but he always does land when he says he will, or mighty nigh it, and-for once we will risk a pre-fact preterite tense.

It is a long trail, that shown on our map. Since Lindbergh left Mexico City, to say nothing of his flight to Mexico, he has traversed fourteen countries and many islands and has flown about five thousand miles. No one can read his brief accounts, many of them written as he flew, without noting the freshness of his interest in all that was new to his keen eyes. He shows a boy's eagerness and vividness of perception. He may

not have enjoyed superlatively the numerous receptions and formal welcomes, but he recognized the genuineness of his welcome everywhere; and, as he loves novelty of scene almost as much as he does the actual flying, he has surely had the best time of his many good times.

We note a rumor that after the return home the Spirit of St. Louis is to go to some English museum. We hope it is only a rumor, for the Smithsonian Institution at the National capital is the place where all Americans would like to have this half of Lindbergh's "We" rest forever.

The March of Luxury

ONCE a telephone in every room was a sign of modernity for a hotel. Now it is announced that in a chain of hotels throughout the country every guest-room will be supplied with means of radio entertainment. Two different programs will be available.

The High Cost of Dying

THIS time it is not the high cost of living but the unreasonable expenses following in the wake of death that are the subject of condemnation. Interested because the estates of many small policyholders are dissipated in funeral costs, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Com-

pany has financed an investigation. The findings of a two-year survey by various social agencies are not creditable to the men who once were undertakers but who now call themselves morticians.

The facts have long been known to physicians, clergymen, and welfare workers. When the poor man dies, his family is at the mercy of the grasping undertaker. It is in no position to bargain. It does not "shop around." In a highly emotional state, it wishes to pay this last debt to the fullest degree. Certain types of undertakers, states the Metropolitan's report, "ascertain the amount of the insurance and extract all they can."

The "burial industry"—scientific investigators must use terms that are clear rather than æsthetic—is fixed by natural laws. The demand "cannot be increased by sales efforts or advertising." But between 1900 and 1920 the number of morticians had increased 51 per cent, although the annual number of deaths (meaning customers) had increased by only 2.3 per cent. Obviously, the ratio of deaths to undertakers has dropped enormously, and profits can come only from higher prices. In New York City the average cost of a funeral, on the basis of several thousand cases, is \$772.

It is true, as the investigators remark, that the bereaved family must share the

blame to the extent that it indulges in an unreasonable desire for display. But the situation is one calling for remedy in all parts of the country. In the end the undertakers must make the reforms. Two years ago a start was made in the formation of the Funeral Service Bureau. It seems to have much work still ahead of it.

Happy Days at Havana

No one would guess, from the reports of the Pan-American Conference at Havana, that there had ever been any talk of misunderstanding between South America and the United States.

On the question of reorganizing the Pan-American Union, so as to keep the Secretary of State from being continuously Chairman of the Board and to displace Dr. Leo Rowe as Director, the Latin-American states have voted in committee with the United States. The total stood 19 to 1 against Mexico, whose representative made the proposal.

On the question of intervention also it appears that opinion is divided. At least a considerable section of Latin-American opinion regards intervention to check disorder and danger to life and to restore constitutional government as beneficial in its effect. The debates on that subject being unfinished, the outcome as concerns Conference action remained uncertain.

But it was evident that the test of intervention is the manner in which it is undertaken and the purposes for which it is carried out—rather than the fact of intervention itself.

The friendly course that the Conference at Havana has taken seems to be largely the result of the attitude of Charles Evans Hughes as Chairman of the delegation from the United States. He has not attempted to impose a point of view; but has dealt with the other delegations as true equals, pleaded the case of the Washington Administration, and then left it to a vote.

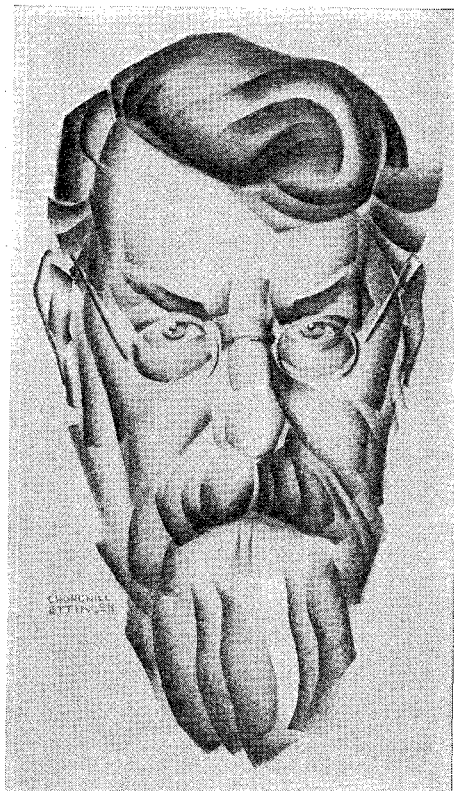
A Prophet of New Ireland

ANY one who has followed Irish affairs in late years has heard of George W. Russell. And wherever Irish poetry is known "AE" is known.

This man, now visiting the United States, sums up in himself many aspects of the new Irish Free State. Bearded, robust, humorous, and brooding, he embodies a national spirit. As editor of

the "Irish Statesman" he is a leader in the movement for agricultural and industrial reconstruction in Ireland. And at the same time he is one of the animating minds of the Celtic cultural renaissance.

Mr. Russell holds the interesting view



George W. Russell—"AE"

that the revival of Gaelic, the mother tongue, is an essential part of all that has been happening in the realms of ideas and of practical politics in his country. He talks fascinatingly, in personal conversation, of the effect that the study of Gaelic had upon his own writing—how it refreshed his thought and gave new force and color to his expression, making him feel that he was in touch for the first time with the sources of his racial heritage after an early training entirely in English, which was, in truth, an alien tongue. And he argues that the rediscovery of the Celtic language and folk-lore have been essential to the rebirth of Irish literature and nationalism.

A poet and a publicist, an economist and a mystic, no man sees deeper into Irish life today.

A City with a Multiple Mayor

THE city of Indianapolis is without a Mayor clearly entitled to the office. It has three, of sorts. The City Council has "unelected" the one whom it elected

a few months ago, and neither of the other two has been able to gain possession of the office.

The muddle began when Mayor Duvall, under pressure, resigned. He was under indictment for violation of the Corrupt Practices Act, one of the penalties of which is forfeiture of office. He was subsequently convicted and disqualified by the Court as of the day preceding his election. That meant that he had never been Mayor.

In the regular line of succession, the Comptroller becomes Mayor when the office becomes vacant. Mr. Duvall undertook to provide for filling the office by appointing his wife as Comptroller. She assumed to hold office as Mayor just long enough to appoint as Comptroller a man named Holmes. He undertook to assume the office of Mayor when Mrs. Duvall resigned a few hours later.

But it was held that, inasmuch as Mr. Duvall had never been Mayor, none of his appointees had ever actually held the offices to which they were appointed and none could succeed to the Mayoralty.

There were then several courses open. Walter Myers had been Duvall's nearest competitor in the election and might, perhaps, have had the office on *quo warranto* proceedings. But no such proceedings were instituted.

By virtue of the provision that a Mayor holds office until his successor is elected and qualified, the man who preceded Duvall as Mayor might have been entitled to return to the office. That man was Lew Shanks, and he was dead. But his Comptroller, Joseph Hogue, was living, and presumably entitled to succeed to the office just as Shanks might have done.

But, under another provision of law, the City Council proceeded to elect L. Ert Slack as Mayor.

Unelecting Slack

THE Council is Republican, two to one exactly, and Slack is a Democrat, a former United States District Attorney by appointment of President Wilson. The Council is supposed to be Klan, and Slack is supposed to be a Klansman who has renounced his allegiance to the order. But the Council chose him as a compromise candidate, these things notwithstanding.

Both Hogue and Holmes began proceedings to obtain the office, despite the action of the Council. The Supreme Court held, in the case of Hogue, that no emergency existed, that the office of

Mayor was properly filled by action of the City Council, and that the Court was without power to act.

Meanwhile, the majority of the Council was not pleased with the actions of Slack as Mayor. By a strict party vote, it declared itself in error in assuming that the office of Mayor was vacant and undertaking to fill it. In other words, it "unelected" Slack.

Now the Council probably has no power to remove a Mayor, even its own creature, except by impeachment. Slack has not been impeached. He continues to occupy the Mayor's office under police guard.

But Hogue has started, and Holmes presumably will start, proceedings anew to compel the ousting of Slack by court action. And the uncertainty of tenure is such that but for the faith of the banks that just claims will ultimately be met the city of Indianapolis could not pay the salaries of its employees.

Marriage, Common and Preferred

A LONG ISLAND pastor set out recently to see whether the revolting youth of his community liked the idea of companionate marriage.

He asked both girls and boys. And he found that the girls, at least, took no stock in the scheme. They argued unanimously in favor of permanent marriages with men who showed evidence of ability to support a family. So much for the feminine common sense of the flaming flappers.

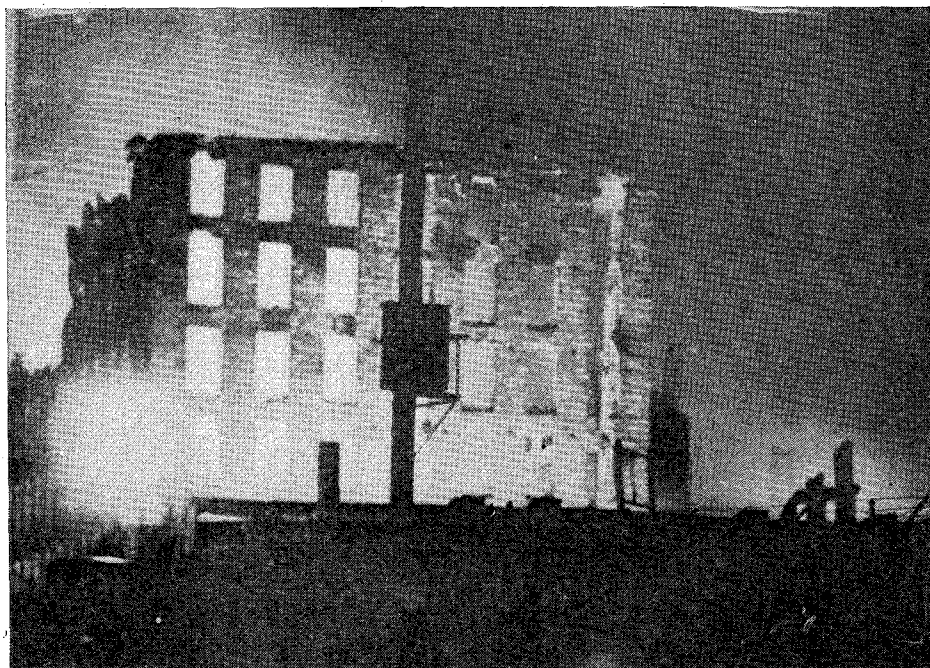
The boys had not been fully heard from.

Bolshevik Dollar Diplomacy

SOVIET Russia invented a neat way to raise money in the United States without settling Russian debts.

Lack of recognition by the Government at Washington had long kept the Government at Moscow from tapping the sources of American credit that so many other countries have been using since the war. Then the Soviet financiers arranged with banks in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco to pay interest and principal in dollars to investors in a Soviet railway loan. So part of a bond issue amounting to \$30,000,000 was advertised in the United States. You could pay your money and take your chance.

Over \$100,000 went into investment in the bonds in the first two weeks. Then other banks, representing the holders of securities formerly issued by



Wide World

WHERE THE FALL RIVER FIRE STARTED

The ruins of the Pocasset Mills

old enterprises in Russia that were nationalized by the Communists, made their protests heard. And now the Department of State has declared publicly its objection to any scheme for advancing credit to the Soviet Government or financing the flotation of Soviet loans. That—so far as the further marketing of the railway bond issue is concerned—undoubtedly will be that.

Arbitration Under Contract

Is there a middle course in labor disputes between compulsory arbitration and industrial war with its strikes and lockouts as the battles? Compulsory arbitration may be logical, but in practice it has not worked out well.

A committee of the American Bar Association thinks it has a practical suggestion. It would leave both parties free to arbitrate or not, but it would by law make an agreement to arbitrate a legally enforceable contract, which it is not now. If employer or labor union should on this basis agree to arbitrate on a fixed definite method, then either party that failed to carry out the arbitration and abide by the results would be liable in damages just as in any other breach of contract. Such a law would give a legal sanction not now attached to an agreement to arbitrate.

Several labor leaders, notably Matthew Woll, of the Federation of Labor, heartily commend the idea. So do lawyers of ability, including Mr. Strawn, President of the Bar Association. The

plan will be discussed at hearings in which labor organizations and large industrial and commercial associations will take part.

Certainly, contracts voluntarily made but legally enforceable should inure to the public benefit. The time has gone by when financial penalties could not be enforced against labor. Modern unions through their National organizations have large treasuries.

In the industrial world, as in other relations of life, the will to peace is peace half gained. Some employers get on perfectly well with labor—with the union or without the union; others are on the verge of trouble all the time. Why? The answer is, The presence or absence of a spirit of fair play and human justice. And the same is quite as true as regards the conduct of employees.

The new plan will emphasize this by holding disputants to their word without trying to drive them into peace by the compulsion of labor injunctions and contempt of court proceedings.

Davis Cup Matches

For the first time since 1919, this country has watched across an ocean for the drawing of teams in the Davis Cup play. The Davis Cup matches are the most important of lawn tennis and one of the most remarkable international sporting events in the world. Thirty-three nations have entered.

This year, with France holding the

trophy won on our courts during the past season, the drawings took place in the Presidential grounds of the leader of the French Republic rather than at the White House grounds, where the gathering of diplomats and officials has, in past years, provided rotogravure pictures for every Sunday newspaper supplement in the land.

The schedule of matches, as announced, makes it apparent that the men chosen to play for this country will at least enjoy a trip to Europe during the coming summer. That is, they will unless there is the most amazing sort of improvement among the players of the other lands electing to compete in the American zone of preliminary matches.

The United States plays Mexico in the first round here, while Cuba plays Japan. Canada and China, drawing byes, stand out to the second round, where the Canadians will meet the winner of the Cuba-Japan match. China will play the winner of the other.

Aside from the United States, the greatest strength in this division of play is concentrated in Japan and Canada. Both have real possibilities, but they will have to be much better than the season of 1927 in order to stand off the Americans. They are both in the same half of the draw, so that whichever conquers the other faces another hard series of matches against this country.

By an odd quirk of the draw in the European half of play, the two teams considered the strongest in that section will meet each other in the first round. These are Australasia, returning to competition after an absence of two years, and Italy, the team which the French, according to their own spokesmen, found the hardest to defeat during the course of their successful campaign of the past summer.

Under the regulations of play, the United States, if it wins in the American zone, must defeat the winner of the European zone in order to meet France in the challenge round.

Winter Golf

WINTER golf is boiling nicely and will continue until spring and the annual North and South at Pinehurst brings another summer season to the North.

Almost invariably veterans figure in these winter tournaments. MacDonald Smith, a veteran of a great many seasons of play in this country and abroad, took the Los Angeles Open and its prize of \$10,000, and Gene Sarazen has captured

the other rich event that has taken place so far at Miami. Certainly there is nothing new about either name in headlines.

Smith has had another burst of his amazingly good play. If he ever found it possible to stay consistently at the top of his game, there would be a professional strong enough to threaten the sway of the amateur Bob Jones.

France Keeps Watch on the Rhine

ONLY withdrawal of French troops from the Rhineland, declared Foreign Minister Stresemann, of Germany, in the Reichstag, can bring Germans to a state of mind permitting full reconciliation with France.

A few days later the French Government announced that 10,000 more men would quit the Rhine, leaving an occupation force of 50,000. And on February 2 Foreign Minister Briand declared that the Locarno treaties with Germany give France all the security she needs, and that the army on the Rhine is to make sure the payment of reparations and the fulfillment of all disarmament conditions. When these things are done, he said, France will gladly leave; but if Germany wants her territory clear before 1935 she must push on with the treaty agreement.

Dr. Stresemann has made it plain that Germany now wants a good understanding with France, and is willing to consider a rearrangement of reparation payments to secure early evacuation of the Rhine area. That frame of mind in Germany holds out some hope of a practical settlement.

France and America Renew a Treaty

AFTER months of diplomatic talk about a treaty to outlaw war between France and the United States, and weeks of more talk about extension of such a treaty to include other Powers, Paris and Washington have renewed a general arbitration treaty. It replaces the old Root treaty, which expired this month, extending its general principles for five years on somewhat broader lines.

A preamble to the treaty refers to the long-established friendship between the two countries and proclaims their desire for perpetual peace between them and their intention to use amicable rather than warlike means to settle any dispute between them. M. Briand, the French Foreign Minister, declares that this pre-

amble embodies practically the principle he had in mind in his original proposal. The Department of State declares that if outlawing war is meant it does nothing of the kind.

So, presumably, every one is satisfied. At any rate, the principle of arbitration between two friends and former allies has been preserved.

The Case Against Mrs. Knapp

THE charges against the first woman to be elected to a high executive office in the largest State of the Union have been referred by Governor Smith, of New York, to the District Attorney. This does not mean that these charges go automatically to the grand jury. The District Attorney, bearing in mind the recommendations of the Commissioner who investigated the administration of the State Census by Mrs. Knapp, the former Secretary of State, will have to make his own examination of the facts.

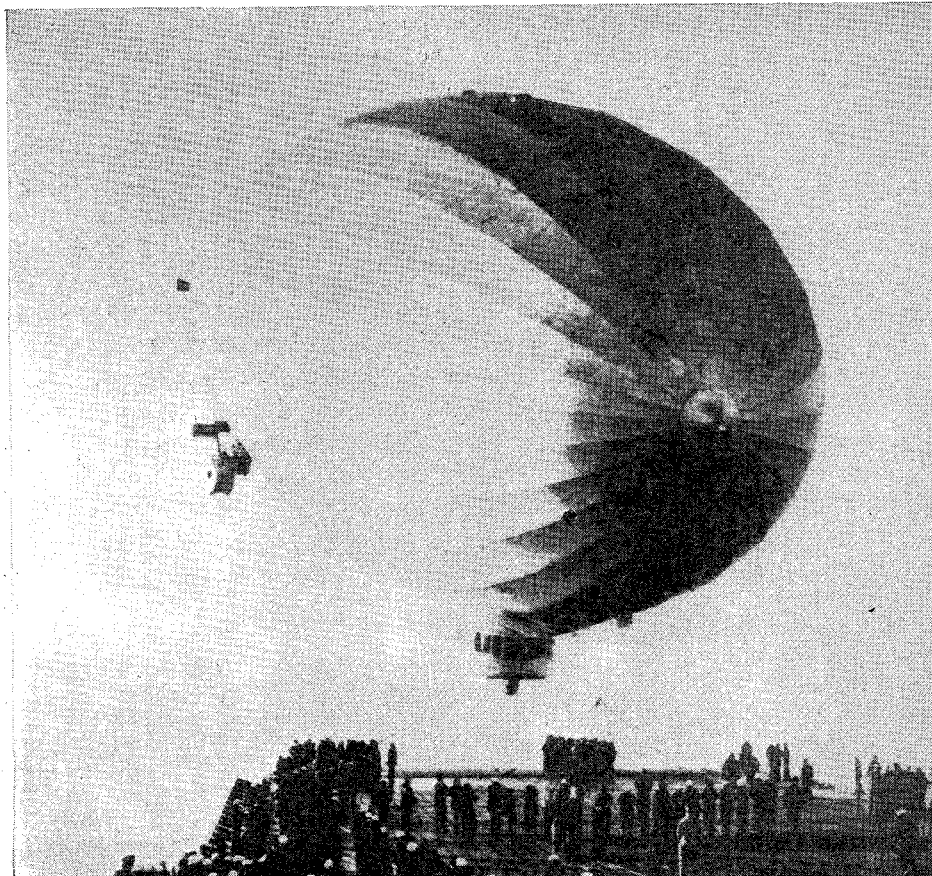
It is evident that the Governor has acted, as he says, "with great reluctance." He has dissented from Commissioner Le Boeuf concerning the charges against minor employees. He holds that these employees acted under instruction. He also differs from the Commissioner concerning the alleged breakdown of the administrative work of the State Civil Service Commission. The Attorney-General of the State differs from the conclusion of the Commissioner with respect to certain of the acts of Mrs. Knapp herself. And the State Civil Service Commission has stated that what the Commissioner charged it with neglecting to do it had neither right nor authority to do.

It is clear, therefore, that the case against Mrs. Knapp is far from complete.

State Laws and Federal Prohibition

IN a speech at Richmond, Virginia, summoning the supporters of prohibition to oppose the election of an anti-prohibitionist to the Presidency, William Gibbs McAdoo said:

"Attempt is being made to convince the country that, no matter if a wet is elected President, the Constitution and laws will be enforced. This is both unsound and untrue." In support of this general statement he cited Governor Smith's record in vetoing a prohibition enforcement law for the State of New York. He quoted Governor Smith's recent utterance that "there devolves upon



Underwood & Underwood

THE GIANTS OF AIR AND SEA

The dirigible Los Angeles about to land on the deck of the new aircraft carrier Saratoga

the State the sacred duty of sustaining the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Law," which are "as much a part of the laws of this State as our own statutes and our own Constitution." Mr. McAdoo denied that the Volstead Law was a part of New York State's laws. And Mr. McAdoo added, "Because the State courts are thus without jurisdiction to enforce the Volstead Act, the police find themselves paralyzed in any efforts they may make to enforce prohibition in the State courts."

In reply to Mr. McAdoo, Governor Smith quoted Article VI, Section 2, of the Constitution of the United States, which says: "This Constitution and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof . . . shall be the supreme law of the land; and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or the laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding." And Governor Smith caustically added: "The gentleman doesn't know his Constitution. Further than that deponent saith nothing."

A recent opinion of the United States Supreme Court, however, makes it clear that State officers, in the absence of a State law, are limited by the Fourth and

Fifth Amendments in making search without warrants, and that they cannot serve warrants of the Federal courts.

But What Has Religion Got to Do with This?

In a sermon at the Methodist church in New York of which he is pastor, the Rev. Dr. Christian F. Reisner said:

"Mayor Walker, in his generous way, gave me permission on Friday to tell you: 'I no longer drink champagne nor alcohol in any form, nor have I since last September. My health is very much better without it. Then, too, while I enjoyed the exhilarating high spots from alcoholic stimulants, the low spots of the next morning collected a heavy toll. I find it more agreeable, as well as healthier, to walk on the even pathway with no stimulant.'" And Dr. Reisner added, "Public officials who are admired little realize how their ideals and habits affect American youth, who are so prone to imitate their idols."

Two days later Mayor Walker admitted having made the statement, but remarked, "My diet, which it seems to me is a highly personal matter, can never be construed as involving a princi-

ple." And in answer to a query as to whether he thought the dietary restrictions which he was observing were likely to be permanent Mayor Walker is reported to have replied: "I hope not; at times there are some things that I really should like to—eat."

Encouraging News

Two reports filed last week by New York City officials give indication that wickedness is waning in the Nation's metropolis. Police Commissioner Warren told Mayor Walker that there had been a further decrease in crime during 1927. It will be recalled that conditions began to improve when his predecessor, George V. McLaughlin, assumed command of the Department at the beginning of 1926. The second encouraging note was sounded by Presiding Justice Hoyt, of the Children's Court, in assuring the public, always unduly apprehensive on this score, that the younger generation was not going to the dogs.

New York's streets are still marked by armored cars, of course, and probably will continue to be for some time. But Commissioner Warren points out that hold-ups are on the decline, homicides decreasing, and robberies growing fewer. Burglaries, alone among the major crimes, showed a light increase during the year. The head of New York's police believes that the hopeful signs are due to the reorganization of the force accomplished by Mr. McLaughlin, to stricter laws and more severe penalties, and to the fact that he has more men. It is interesting to note, too, that some menacing gangs were dispersed during 1927; among them outfits with such picturesque names as "the Laughing Gas Gang," "the Harlem Terrors," "the Alcohol Gang," "the Speakeasy Workers," and "the Aspirin Gang."

"The fundamental thing," Mr. Warren remarks in explaining the ebb of the crime wave, "is the intelligence and loyalty of the force as a whole, both the uniformed and the detective forces."

During the last ten years, and this despite the growth in population, juvenile delinquency has decreased, according to the data of the Children's Court. Adolescent youth, Justice Hoyt says, "is standing up splendidly under the acid tests of present-day changes and conditions."

"Modern youth," he concludes, "is bravely struggling on the upward path of progress, and is not the menace which some have chosen to proclaim it."

Windows on the World

By MALCOLM WATERS DAVIS



PAYMENT of war debts and war damages will be on a much better basis, thinks Aristide Briand, Foreign Minister of France, before the year is out. Speaking in the Chamber of

Deputies recently on these issues, he declared: "I do not believe—and I have a right to say so—that the year 1928 will end without great questions being settled. There is need for a general solution, and if, as I believe, all interested peoples are willing to take part, we shall find in these solutions new and solid guaranties of peace."

Europe remembers that S. Parker Gilbert, the American Agent-General for Reparation Payments, ended his last report with a reassertion of the need to fix the sum Germany must pay before the reparation problem and the other problems depending upon it will be finally solved. And now Paris is asking whether M. Briand had, as the basis for saying that he had a right to speak, any assurance from the United States of American willingness to reopen the question of war debts.

The attempt to make a treaty outlawing war between France and the United States having failed, M. Briand has apparently decided to try something simple now. In this matter of war debts and reparations, we can only wish him success.

FRANCE is keeping a canny eye on the new Soviet Envoy to Paris, Dovgalevsky. The last one, Rakovsky, left Paris abruptly after the French Government had insisted on his recall. The immediate reason was his signature of a Communist manifesto calling on the workers to rally to the Red flag instead of their country's banner in time of war.

Dovgalevsky came from Tokyo to take his place. He knows France well. He worked there as an electrical engineer during the World War, but carefully refrained from mixing up in politics. When the Soviets rose to power, he left for Russia, and was made People's Commissar for the Ukraine, where he

was born. He had suffered exile in Siberia for taking part as a boy in the uprising against the Czar led by the priest Father Gapon, and later escaped, crossing Siberia and Russia on foot to reach the German border. In Switzerland, where he went to recover from a lung affection, he joined the group centering around Lenine, and so set his course for his present career.

In 1924 he became Soviet Minister to Sweden; but, although the Communist movement grew more active during his stay, nothing was proved against him. He went later to Japan, and while there refused to sign the manifesto which caused the trouble between France and Rakovsky.

Discreet and resourceful—just the man Moscow, or any other capital, needs for a diplomat.

FRENCH COMMUNISTS have expelled three party members because they criticised the Stalin régime in Russia and supported Trotsky and the other Opposition leaders lately exiled from Moscow. The French party council decided that their three comrades were in discord with the principles of Leninist discipline. The Communists surely do hang together—and the Third International is really international.

MUSSOLINI and Briand are said to be preparing to patch up the differences that have strained relations between Italy and France in recent months. Many issues have set Paris and Rome at odds, the chief of which is due to their respective policies toward Yugoslavia. France has a treaty of amity and practical alliance with Yugoslavia, while Italy regards her as a smaller but troublesome rival, an obstacle to Italian command of the Adriatic and an opponent of Italian influence in Albania and Greece and elsewhere in southeastern Europe.

The Italian press, dominated naturally by Fascist dictatorship, is not rendering the task of peace-making any easier. The semi-official "Giornale d'Italia" is publishing a series of "revelations" of Yugoslav preparations for war. The latest of these is an alleged secret naval agreement between France and

Yugoslavia. And now the "Deutsche Tageblatt," in Berlin, organ of the war-time Chief of Staff, General Ludendorff, and the extreme German militarists and monarchists, has printed "official plans" of the French General Staff—secured in Rome—in the event of a Franco-Italian war. The published program calls for French occupation of southern Germany and Austria, in order to assure a junction between the French and Yugoslav armies and to prevent any German attempt to aid Italy.

France has officially denied the story. But every one knows what to expect of Ludendorff and his saber-rattlers. And their sabers now are only tin. The real question of importance is who spreads these rumors from Rome—and with what purpose.

INDIA is again worrying London. A British mission headed by Sir John Simon has reached Delhi, the Indian capital, to study the fitness of the people for continuation or extension of self-government. But it excludes Indian members, and so it faces bitter resentment and hostility among the people it has been sent to study. A call for a general strike greeted it on its arrival in Bombay, and some of the delegates to the Indian Legislative Assembly are trying to organize a political boycott and impede its work. No strike on a large scale materialized, but the legislative opposition may prove more troublesome. No doubt seems to exist, however, that the mission will carry out its duties and make its report.

THE BOLSHEVIKS have condemned the Pope to death. A despatch from Rome tells that the Vatican recently received an official communication from Moscow stating that a Soviet decree had been issued against the Pontiff because he contributed funds to the anti-Bolshevik movement. But even the signatures of Stalin, General Secretary of the Russian Communist Party, and Rykov, Chief of the Council of People's Commissars, terrified Pope Pius as little as, for instance, Senator Heflin's might. He showed the death warrant to several Cardinals and ordered it placed in the Vatican archives as—quite properly—a historical curiosity.

Did the Presidential Tongue Slip?

Editorial Correspondence from Washington

By DIXON MERRITT



ON the day that the Senate passed the Jones Merchant Marine Bill a tall gentleman was leaning against the jamb of a gallery door.

Kentucky mountaineer, I thought, regular fiction type. The supposedly characteristic bulge was there, just over the right hip pocket, puckering out his coat tail.

"Probably a single-action Colt with a filed trigger," I meditated. "Or does he still wear quart pockets? Or can it be?"—

Yes, it was. With the lightning deftness of the mountain pistol hand, he flicked up the coat tail. Out it came. He bit a chew from a long twist and rolled it comfortably into his left cheek.

"I've been here three weeks," he confided, "just innocent bystanding. I thought when I came that the Republicans were sitting under the wheel here. But they don't seem to be even driving from the back seat. Almost every day this place is like a Democratic cat fight. And not a Republican anywhere to holler, 'Scat!' or heave a cuspidor."

Well, one must have a fresh viewpoint to see what is going on here.

But even so, the Democrats get praise and blame for more than they do. The passage of the Jones Bill, for instance, was not a Democratic victory, or even, quite, a Democratic-insurgent victory. Eight very regular Republicans voted for it and eight equally regular Democrats against it. That event proved only that the Administration has not a firm hold on the wheel.

And what is the Jones Bill? A declaration that the Government will pay a ship subsidy—to itself. The Senate says so, with a sly wink at the House. The President says nothing and grinds his ax.

Meanwhile there is the Mississippi Flood Control Bill—

Congress is minded to make one earnest effort at real control, with everything in the bill—levees, spillways, Atchafalya outlet, storage reservoirs, and

reforestation—a program as long as the Mississippi to the head-waters of the Missouri, the Federal Government carrying it through, every inch, and paying for it, every cent.

The President thinks otherwise—or did. And it is not in the record that he ever ceased to think what he once thought or began to think what he had not previously thought.

There is, too, a Presidential race in prospect, and the Administration strength must exert itself somewhere, possibly never in expression, but inevitably in repression—the ax. There has been a presumption that it would exert itself for Herbert Hoover, and there has been a presumption that it would not.

The White House was asked, the other Tuesday, if, because of his candidacy, Secretary Hoover would resign from the Cabinet. The White House did not know, but in saying so referred to the Secretary of Commerce as "President Hoover."

Did the Presidential tongue slip? It is supposed to wear non-skid chains in dry weather on slag roads.

If it did not slip, was it ironical or prophetic? Whichever it may have been, the disposition to be made of the Administration strength is more a mystery than ever.

As a maker of cold mystery, Calvin Coolidge eclipses Conan Doyle. And there is not a single Sherlock Holmes in Washington.

Meanwhile, almost every day there are three new candidates for President—two Republicans and one Democrat. This does not mean that the Elephant has more favorite sons than the Donkey; merely that while Alfred E. Smith occupies something like half of the Democratic territory each Republican occupies only the ground he stands on.

Almost every day, too, somebody declines to be President. The stage has almost been reached at which fond admirers will say of a small boy, "He may decline to be President some day." It is a happy solution of an old problem. Never was it possible for every American boy to be a future President, but it

is possible for every one of them to be a future refuser.

That Kentucky mountaineer with the tolerably large twist—he turned out to be a Wabash bottoms Hoosier—seemed worth a luncheon at the club. He discussed the Presidency.

"The time has come," he said, "when every man must make the decision whether he will be President or not. I will not. I wrote Tom Tuggle, our county committeeman, so. I wrote him that I will not be Justice of the Peace, either. I don't know how the White House might feel about it if I consented to be Squire after refusing to be Mister President. A man has got to be consistent in his attitude toward public office.

"But I'm in a sort of a dread that I'm wrong about that. I know I'm in the minority. There are twenty men here who have refused to be President but feel no delicacy at all about aspiring to be Senator or Governor or Congressman or member of the Inter-Allied Joint Commission for the Readjustment of Adjusted Compensation to Indigent Catfish, or any august office they can get. I think they count their buttons to see whether they will be President or not."

That thought seemed worthy to be done in verse, and so the club lost a fresh, new menu card:

Mighty men of minds undaunted—
Mastering men—go, horror-haunted
By the thought of Presidencies,
Nightly to their residences;
Thumb their buttons, love-lorn maid-
like—

"Beggar," "Chieftain," Cupid's jadelike;
Rub their heads as molting muttons
While they thumb their frock-coat but-
tons:

"To renounce it—Will I? Won't I?
Dead if do I; damned if don't I."
But the ponderous Civis Pater
Can reverse it soon or later
By beginning, "Won't I? Will I?"
Forth and backwards, willy-nilly,
As in State-absorbed abandon
Troubled head he rubs his hand on
With the might and main of muttons.
Frock coats have but twain of buttons.

The Naval Program

CONFUSION continues in the public mind concerning the plans for the Navy. So far as we can learn, the same confusion continues in the mind of Congress. After all that the President has said in his public addresses, after all that the Secretary of the Navy has said in hearings before Congress, after all the explanation and opinions by naval experts, there remains a great diversity of opinions and impressions concerning the proposal of the Administration to start at once upon a program of naval construction comprising seventy-one auxiliary vessels.

If we were to let our impressions be formed by what some of our admirals have been saying, it might seem as if there were developing in America a war party. Nothing could be more untimely or un-American than that. No people have less patience with militarism than the American people; and never have they had less patience with it than now. If there are any people in this country who are in danger of getting the same delusion that drove Germany into war, they are wholly at variance with the American temper and disposition.

President Coolidge has explained that bellicose talk is apt to flare up whenever there is before Congress an appropriation bill for the Army or Navy, and that it can be and ought to be discounted. The most sensible among English observers of American affairs take this bellicose talk with due allowance for the temperaments of extremists. Viscount Cecil, who was a delegate to the futile Geneva Naval Conference, said quite recently: "We are ready to disregard the possibility of war with America as so unlikely that it would be foolish to base a policy on any other hypothesis." And even Mr. Bridgeman, First Lord of the Admiralty, who seemed to stand for the extreme views of British naval men, had said two days before: "The United States has a perfect right, subject to the Washington Convention, to build whatever fleet she thinks necessary for her own defense. . . . It is inconceivable that either America or Britain should intend aggressive, warlike ideas in these days. Let us go quietly on with what we think necessary for ourselves. Let them go on with what they think necessary for themselves; and let us hope if they build a larger navy their Navy will be as great a factor in the preservation of the peace of the world as the British Navy has been."

The trouble is the country does not know just what the Administration does want. It has heard that the Administration wants Congress to authorize the building of these seventy-one vessels, but also to authorize the President to stop building them at his discretion. If the Administration wishes to prove that the United States can outbuild any other nation in cruisers, as it proved it could in capital ships, then why cannot the Administration say so frankly, using President Wilson's words, if need be—"incomparably the greatest navy in the world"?

But if the purpose is otherwise, then why cannot that purpose be made clear to the country?

Under the Washington Treaty of 1922 the United States is

entitled to the same tonnage of capital ships as Great Britain. For those capital ships it needs a certain number of auxiliaries to make the fleet effective. If the sole purpose of this program is to provide for parity with Great Britain under that treaty and no more, then it would seem to be a simple matter for the Administration to say so in so many words.

The President and the Press

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE apparently feels strongly that the press in the United States is too critical. In a public statement some months ago he voiced this view. And at the dedication of the new National Press Club in Washington, on February 4, he took occasion to say:

"The constant criticism of all things that have to do with our country, with the administration of its public affairs, with the operation of its commercial enterprises, with the conduct of its social life, and the attempt to foment class distinctions and jealousies, weaken and disintegrate the necessary spirit of patriotism."

Every publication from the "American Mercury" to the "New Masses" might come under that sweeping condemnation. And when the President associates "the attempt to foment class jealousies" with criticism in a manner designed to identify them with each other he confuses and beclouds the true issue.

To be sure, he went on to say: "There is always need for criticism, but there is likewise need for discrimination." Granted, of course. But who is to decide? Certainly it is one of the primary rules in public discussion that the individual criticised—especially if he be a public servant—cannot be the judge of what is undue criticism. And no person or institution—not even the press—can be regarded as sacrosanct and exempt.

The tendency of such strictures on the press is to discourage frank and free examination of questions that concern the interest of society—and that is an unhealthy tendency. The ideal of officials, naturally, is to suppress unfavorable comment and to move in a zone of deferential and discreet approval. But that is impossible in a democracy, and fatal to its spirit. To slip a silencer on the press is not the way to safeguard the common welfare. We prefer to trust the people. As Lincoln remarked, you can't fool all of them all the time. The best corrective of intemperate criticism is the public opinion to which all criticism must appeal.

Of course the President is right when he says that overemphasis on failures and delinquents breeds cynicism, and that the successes, which are normal, have first claim on attention; but some day we hope to hear a Chief of our Government say:

"Our institutions have withstood hard tests and trials. We believe that the foundation system of ideas on which they stand is sound. And we are still developing and perfecting them to suit them to our needs. Fools and rogues will only break themselves against the walls; friends who point out faults aid us to repair and reinforce our stronghold. Therefore

constant examination and criticism of our American structure is to be invited and welcomed."

The Search for Security

WE establish a religion for the sake of the religion, and very shortly the religion is maintained for the sake of the establishment.

A bold man establishes a great business. Grandpa creates it, son draws dividends from it, granddaughter takes in washing for a living.

We establish our liberties by revolution and creative statesmanship, and no sooner are they established than the rats start gnawing at the foundation.

Why, then, do we think of faith as secure, prosperity as enduring, and liberty as something to thank our ancestors for? The truth of the matter is that nothing is ever established; even the Pyramids will wear out in time. Each generation must re-establish, recreate, to maintain even the *status quo*.

Grantland Rice, in a moment of lyric enthusiasm and piscatorial ignorance, wrote a ballad with the aphoristic refrain, "Only a game fish swims up-stream." Unless Grantland is willing to class eels and suckers among game fish, his moralizing loses its point, for anything that lives in a current, as life is lived in a current, must swim up-stream even to stay where it is. Tides and streams wait for no man and no fish.

Up fins and at 'em!

Tool or God?

A SMALL boy cuts his finger on his knife and throws it from him angrily. We call such action childish.

What shall we say of those who get angry and disgusted at science because it has not brought about the millennium?

The knife is a tool, and nothing more. Its usefulness depends solely on the manner in which it is used. Science is a tool, and nothing more. Its usefulness depends on how it is used.

Some boys are too young to play with knives; many adults are too young to play with science. But that does not mean that either knives or scientific achievements are to be criticised for what is done with them.

Some time ago Don Marquis wrote a delightful satire on the radio in which he pictured the first interplanetary communication. When the great moment arrived for the first message to be sent, the only thing that the speaker could think of to say, was, "I don't use hair dye." Science afforded the speaker an audience of the universe. His message was one that would have been lost in a peanut shell.

Why should we expect chemistry to bring about abolition of war? Why should we expect radio to be the parent of great poetry? Why should we expect science in general, in the words of the Negro preacher, "to unscrew the inscrutable"?

The old idols of brass and clay are going into the fire. Good riddance to them! Why, then, build a new idol with a chemical retort for a belly, a dynamo for a heart, and a gas engine for a mind? The creature can wash our dishes, heat our homes, run our errands, and carry us on its faithful shoulders from here to there. But the thing is no god.

To Free the Governor-General

ONE great injustice which the late Governor-General Wood, of the Philippines, suffered patiently was the criticism of him for using army officers as assistants. He had to use them, for he had no others available. He was fortunate in getting men who served with fidelity and ability, and he took the criticism as part of the day's work; but Congress ought not to have left him handicapped by opposition he in no way deserved.

Congress cannot repair the wrong done to General Wood, but it can see that no successor of his shall suffer the same wrong.

There is now before Congress a bill which will put the Governor-General's assistants on a sound basis.

The Governor-General is responsible, not to the Legislature of the islands, but to the President of the United States. But in order to get money to pay civilian assistants for the necessary inspection of the Government of the islands he has hitherto been dependent upon appropriations by the islands' Legislature. Such appropriations the Legislature refused to provide for General Wood. As the Philippines are under the War Department, Governor-General Wood was able to have army officers detailed for this service of inspection. Thereupon there was an outcry against "khaki government." There was no need of this; for money was and is available to pay those who serve as the President's representatives. Internal revenue raised in the Philippines under the laws of the United States, instead of going into the Federal Treasury, goes into the Treasury of the Philippine Government, and that is where it ought to go. We do not want the United States Treasury to profit by taxes in the Philippines. But Congress has the right to use any part of that money that may be needed for the Governor-General's administration. If the Philippine Legislature refuses to provide adequate means for inspectors and other assistants, the Governor-General should be authorized to draw sufficient funds from the internal revenue of the islands for that purpose.

It is precisely this which the Kiess Bill now before Congress enables the Governor-General to do. Governor-General Stimson is going to the Philippines with the purpose of fulfilling his duties in co-operation with the Philippine Government. He may not need to draw upon these funds; but if he has the authority to do so, he will at least be able to discharge his obligations. There will be no occasion for further talk about "khaki government" if the Kiess Bill is passed.

Miniatures from the Life

By IBBY HALL

In Paris

THEY do things differently in Paris. Here, a chaperon is a character for the musical comedy stage; in France, she has the Government behind her. A young girl from New England was entered not long ago in a fashionable French boarding-school. In her own country she had heard, doubtless, many tales about "those French." Every one in America knows that the French are a gay and pleasure-loving nation; that romantic affairs of the heart are to be found round every street corner; and that French morals—well, they are what you learn French to find out about.

A young girl at boarding-school in Paris naturally looks for romance. This one found it at the French opera. He was terribly good-looking, had the Parisian way with him, wore a uniform, and wrote the most divine notes. It was all coming out exactly right, and in the best tradition.

The only slip-up was that the French head mistress had never heard of the American-French tradition. The impassioned love letters were intercepted. In frightful disgrace, the young American was severely punished as well. On a trip the school was taking to southern France this one girl would remain behind. And, that her affections might be further safeguarded, she was to remain in the chilling care of an elderly widow—a friend of the head mistress.

The new quarters were cold. The widow had no sympathies. The young girl fell ill; of love, of dampness—who can say? She had a temperature, and it was outrageous. She appealed to friends.

Then it was that the chaperon took the center of the stage. The friends called—arrangements had been made at the American Hospital—but the widow knew what was expected of her. This young girl was in her charge, and there she would stay. To prove it, she telephoned Headquarters, and the mounted police flew to her defense.

It seems that the morals of the French are well fortified indeed; for not until the head mistress could be reached by the indignant friends; not until the head mistress could graciously withdraw by telephone her instructions to the widowed chaperon; not until all was ac-

complished according to strictest social custom, did the French Government withdraw its protection and allow the young American to take refuge in the indulgent arms of her country-people.

The Look

IN a Southern town are three men of honor—a judge, a minister, and a sheriff—who vouch for the truth of a ghost story.

Back in 1876, a Negro set fire to the county court-house. Whether he really did it or was merely suspected of doing it makes no difference. The fact is that he was hunted as the culprit, and, desperately struggling to escape his pursuers, he was killed.

Where would he have been tried, anyway? The court-house was burned to the ground. It was probably some time before the county collected enough to build itself a fine new court-house. Where would the suspected prisoner have languished meanwhile? Anyway, that was solved. He languished in whatever grave had been found for him. That is, until the new court-house was finished.

The new building went up gradually—foundations, walls, floors, and roof. The windows were put in last. From one of those windows, looking down upon the town that killed him, stared the bewildered, puckered face of that Negro.

Today, walking down the street, two blocks distant, if you lift your eyes to the court-house, you can see that face studying your approach. If you march boldly up to the court-house door and ask leave to examine the window-glass, you will find that it looks like any ordinary window. There is nothing to be seen. It is only from the inside that the troubled face looks out at you, and only from the outside that you are sure of it.

Fifty years later another Negro of that town got into difficulties with the law. In 1926 a deputy sheriff was killed. Not long afterwards the Negro said to have done it was shot and killed in return by another sheriff. At about the same time a much smaller accident took place. A window-pane was broken in the attic of the court-house. It was replaced at once—just in time for the face of the latest dead criminal to choose it as his vantage-spot. The new pane of glass was hastily removed, carefully

washed in acid, and put back into its framework. At once the accused murderer reappeared to stare balefully at the doings of that town.

If you wish to visit there, you may lift your eyes to the troubled eyes of these two ghosts. The three honorable men will tell you all the facts, which are so simple, but they will not attempt to give any explanation.

The Wife

FIFTY years ago a young girl fell in love. She was pretty, and ardent, and a musician. Hers was the artistic temperament, and no one had ever been quite so much in love before. No one, that is, except her young husband, who was sure that theirs was the ideal marriage, and confident that it would last forever.

For three years these two had their fill of beauty. At the end of that time, unexpectedly and astoundingly, the young husband died.

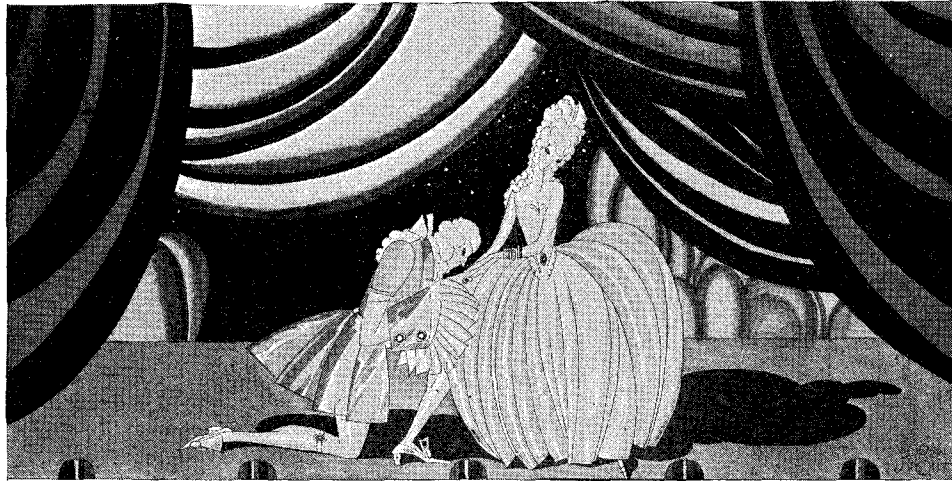
Not many wives are burned upon their husband's funeral pyres, but this one gradually and strangely disappeared. Her family saw less of her. Her friends came to know her as a memory. Her pupils, for she taught music, changed often in her gradual escape from life. Her home became the last place she had moved to, and she moved often. In the end it happened that the only person who knew of her existence was her landlady.

This landlady, the last one, knew that she lived in an inexpensive room; that she cooked her own meals, and ate them at a table set for two—"The empty chair," she explained to the landlady, "is for my husband. He sits with me."

In the room around her was the substance of her life. Her wedding slippers, gloves that had pressed his hand, picture hats under which he had kissed her, fragile handkerchiefs of lace, and all his love letters—these were her treasures.

She made her last move the other day, and left them one and all, to follow her husband's example. Among these treasures were innumerable bank books, lying carelessly and marked with her indifference. Ancient, and unopened for years, they totaled a fortune—about which she had cared so little that many of the banks had gone out of existence without her ever troubling to visit them.

Light's Down



FLORENZ ZIEGFELD'S

production of
"Show Boat"—
from Edna Ferber's novel of the same name—has been delighting New York for lo! these many weeks. Therefore

it seems only fair to say it not only far surpasses Mr. Ziegfeld's usual Glorified American Girl Shows, but is infinitely better—as a spectacle and as a human document—than Miss Ferber's book ever was.

To our mind, indeed, if Mr. Ziegfeld's name were not so closely associated with Follies and Marilyn Miller's and so forth, we believe his achievement would be more universally recognized as the remarkable outcome of a genuinely artistic enterprise; an attempt to produce a real American comic opera which falls short only because the novel on which it is based falls even shorter.

All the materials are there nevertheless. The Show Boat itself—the Cotton Blossom Floating Palace Theatre; Cap'n Andy Hawkes and his wife, Parthy; Magnolia, their glamorous daughter; Gaylord Ravenal, the romantic gambler; the traveling Thespians, Julie and Ellie and Frank and Steve—all the companions and audiences and Negro servants of the Show Boat. What a crowd to picture upon the rolling flood of the Mississippi! The panorama of their lives stretching from Natchez in the late 'seventies to the World's Fair in the 'nineties and on to the Chicago of today—with "Old Man River" ever in the background; flowing, flowing on, ceaselessly, silently, untouched by mere human tears and laughter, always there, beneath the moon.

Here is romance. Yes; and emotion, and exquisite settings and music, and a peculiar quality of human tolerance and reality exceedingly rare in make-believes

A Review of the Stage

of this sort. Just to hear the darkies singing beside the cotton bales and to see the Show Boat gleaming with a hundred lamps in the moonlight is to know the uselessness of striving. Everything is dwarfed by the majestic Mississippi; flowing in the 'nineties precisely as in the 'seventies. In the darkened theatre you feel yourself somehow raucous and superficial, pushing idiotically after some merely mechanical objective; unreal. Only the Show Boat family, the people of the theatre, seem really close enough to the genuine current itself to be palpatingly alive. The World's Fair—with its remembrance of the Hoochie-Koochie, the Midway, "After the Ball," John Philip Sousa, its crowds and exhibits, its lights and white-plaster fairyland—the Fair itself seems merely like some raucous interruption of static on a radio waltz. Once vanished, it is difficult to remember that it ever existed. For here again is "Old Man River" still flowing silently, ceaselessly on under the moon. And here are the darkies, gray now, but still singing on the wharf at Natchez.

There is great imagination in this show. It goes "Follies" at times, of course. In the last scenes, also, you have a feeling that the plot has gone "Winter Garden" on you, and that you are going to end up just touring the World's Fair Dahomey Village with Florenz. But the plot recovers in time—and at the same old wharf Cap'n Andy sits with Ravenal, returned after the long years since he deserted his wife and child in the cheap Chicago boarding-house.

"Your trouble was," says the charitable captain to his erring son-in-law, "you should never have tried to marry and work. You was a gentleman and a gambler."

And you are

caught by the story once more.

Many of the scenes, of course, are verbatim from the book; notably where Steve, to save his part-colored wife from arrest for living with him—a white man—slashes the tip of her finger with his pen-knife and sucks the blood, so that he can swear that he too has colored blood in him. Nobly, the people of the Show Boat stand by him.

"Sure I swear," says old Windy, the pilot, solemnly to the sheriff, "that that white man has colored blood in him."

Thus is the day saved.

It is remarkable, how convincing are these scenes of genuine drama, touched with the reality of human experience—how convincing, and yet how dreamlike; here a moment and then gone; melting into musical numbers of sheer melodic make-believe.

To us, Edna Ferber's "Show Boat" was no great shakes as a book. It had a magnificent idea; it was a panorama done in exceedingly colorful prose; it boasted one or two well-drawn characters, of whom the heroine was not one. But the rest was a riot of superficiality which ended in a couple of Smart Alec chapters about present-day New York, done in a cheap "Vanity Fair" style—a disappointment when we finished the last page.

Florenz Ziegfeld—at the suggestion, we believe, of Jerome Kern and with the assistance of Mr. Hammerstein—has touched this spectacle with the wand of artistic genius until it is most thrillingly alive. We are all for him—and it!

FRANCIS R. BELLAMY.

The Movies

By ARTHUR M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"Drums of Love"

CONSIDERING the chronological advantage enjoyed by D. W. Griffith and the real superiority of his earlier pictures, it isn't easy to understand just why so many other directors caught up to him and actually outdistanced him for a while. To our notion, his last good picture, for a long period of years, was "The White Rose," in which Mae Marsh appeared with Ivor Novello, the English legitimate favorite.

Then followed a lapse which, for Mr. Griffith, was a lapse indeed. He gave us a series of opera none of which could be mentioned in the same cutting-room with "Broken Blossoms."

Now he's back with a great big picture called "Drums of Love," and there is no doubt that his past prestige will be restored by it in no small measure. The film has great beauty, sufficiently torrid love scenes, and a performance by Lionel Barrymore which few screen actors have equaled. The billing gives Miss Mary Philbin a considerable typographical edge on the rest of the cast, but Mr. Barrymore strides away with the show, love scenes and all.

The story is the story of Paolo and Francesca, those amorous unfortunates in whose tortured breasts the drums of love beat so resistlessly that honor and loyalty were forgotten. Mr. Griffith has transferred the setting from Italy to South America for scenic reasons and with the justification of a legend far older than the widely known tale. His decision commended itself to this reviewer, who thought, also, that the plot was unfolded with a full appreciation of its sweep and depth. Our only objections would deal with a tendency to undue repetition in certain scenes and the possible lack of a surprise element at the close of the picture.

As for Mr. Barrymore, it had seemed, for a time, that he was getting bored with the motion-picture game or letting something interfere with his work. Perhaps this opinion is not shared by others, but never mind; if a comeback was in order for Mr. Barrymore, or if it wasn't, here's a grand performance, anyway.

The part of the erring brother is played with well-judged exoticism by Don Alvarado, a recent addition to the ranks of Successors to Valentino, Ltd.



The Don. (or is Don his first name?) doesn't come up to the late Sheik in the matter of close-ups; but he makes love without giving the impression that he is casting veiled glances at himself in an off-stage mirror the while.

Mary Philbin is at times lovely as the unhappy heroine; Mr. Griffith has imbued her with that enigmatic playfulness which characterized Lillian Gish as a Griffith star. But, personally, we liked Miss Philbin better in "Merry-Go-Round." The others of the enormous company are colorful and convincing.

You will enjoy the pageantry and the poignancy of "Drums of Love" and you'll never forget the great, simple, lumbering, pitiful hunchback brought to the screen by the most gifted member (it's just our own opinion) of The Royal Family.

"Chicago"

THIS picture is an excellent example of what the movies can do with the adaptation of a stage play—when they feel like it. There is no doubt that the film "Chicago" has come under the scrutiny, real or threatened, of Will H. Hays's office; some of the more ribald passages of the spoken version have been deleted and others toned down; but, strangely enough, no harm has been done. In fact, the introduction of a "sympathetic" husband for the outrageous Roxie Hart, in place of a comic one, and the retribution scene at the end actually add interest to the story. None of the devastating quality of the play has been lost, and Miss Phyllis Haver's rendition of the leading rôle is as genuine a dramatic coup as any one could ask for.

"Chicago" is consistently amusing, at times exciting, and (as we have suggested above) highly encouraging to

those of us who are interested in seeing what the little brown brothers in Hollywood can accomplish—when they really try.

"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"

A NITA LOOS, although she had more than a finger in the pie, doesn't fare as well as did Miss Watkins in the matter of adaptation. "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," as a book, is peopled with such agreeably impossible characters that they practically defy depiction. And while we are on the subject of stage plays (well, maybe not—but we were, a minute ago, weren't we?), let it be said that Miss Loos's priceless narrative lost something in the spoken dramatization too. Even though June Walker was in it. Miss Ruth Taylor does her best to make Lorelei Lee all that she should (or shouldn't) be on the screen; but perhaps no one could have done it.

Malcolm St. Clair has done his best, too, with the direction; but he must have felt that he was trying to make a picture of the way Culmbacher beer used to taste. The film has plenty of laughs and an engagingly silly atmosphere throughout. If you didn't read the book, you'll like it.

"13 Washington Square"

THIS not-too-important offering was made from a novel of the same name which we did not get around to reading. It may have been an awfully good book.

Jean Hersholt and Alice Joyce are in "13 Washington Square," but all they do is hide behind doors or prowl about carrying lighted candles. At that, Mr. Hersholt keeps you interested whenever he appears, because he's such a splendid actor, but his moments of opportunity come but seldom in this very average picture. Zasu Pitts also appears, as a lackadaisical maid-servant who is mildly frightened by strange noises and other things too complicated to mention.

It's all very harmless, and proves conclusively that if you will just take the trouble to get to know the grocer's daughter you will find that she's probably all right as a mate for your high-bred son. (The son wears a large cloth cap, of the cut preferred by Young Battling Griffo).

Ivory Apes & Peacocks



We Go to the Motor Boat Show

WE had a much better time at the Motor Boat Show than we did at the Automobile Show, partly because there is a much greater diversity in water craft than in land craft, partly because all those boats, completely equipped for cruising, made a much stronger appeal to the romantic and adventurous side of us than did the sedans and coupés and touring cars. There was, for instance, an A. C. F. double-cabin cruiser which we went over several times, and which we'd be perfectly willing to live in for the next six months—even right there on the floor of the Grand Central Palace. We could probably give a house party in it, for there are six seven-foot berths and a perfectly equipped galley. The second little sleeping cabin aft, with its berths all made up, looked very inviting.

Why is it, by the way, that we feel impelled to call these gasoline cruisers "it," whereas we have always referred to ships and sailboats, and even canoes, as "her"? Is it because they are less personal, somehow—have less personality of their own?

Outboard motors are being used more and more, and you can evidently attach them to anything from an ocean liner to a life-preserver. Some fairly large cruisers are equipped with them, although in these cases, if you wanted to lift the outboard motor out, you'd have to employ a small derrick. Some of the small sea sleds with outboard motors are surprisingly inexpensive—we believe they run from \$230 up—and you can get amazing speed out of them. We saw some of

them leaping about on Lake Worth a month or so ago, and we wouldn't at all mind having one of them to play with.

Another significant development in motor boating was revealed by a series of plans for cruisers displayed by Mr. Frederick P. Humphreys, one of the country's leading naval architects. The designs were excellent in many ways, but the most significant feature is that they are to be powered with Diesel engines. A 32-footer with a Diesel engine, a few years ago, would have been like a tugboat—an engine surrounded by a hull. The new Cummins, with which these boats are to be powered, is not much larger for its power than a heavy-duty gasoline engine, and its use cuts the operating cost to from a fifth to an eighth of that of a similar powered gasoline craft, and for the same tank space permits a cruising radius three times as great. The safety of a crude-oil engine is, of course, vastly greater than the engine which used gasoline.

Another thing that struck us was that, while a few years ago you bought your power boat and then spent a lot of money equipping it yourself, today most of them come fully equipped. There isn't much of anything left to buy. They have evidently followed the automobile in this respect.

And it seems to us, anyway, that boating is picking up. The automobile is no longer a novelty—it almost comes now under the head of a necessity—and for pleasure, for amusement or sport, or whatever you want to call it, people are turning back to boats. We know a lake

up in central New York State where before the automobile came there were dozens of sailboats. Then for years the boats disappeared. Within the past three or four years sailing has been taken up again, as well as motor-boating.

There were a number of small sailboats exhibited at the show. One, with bright-red sails—a sloop—was very attractive. We are not much of a sailor. We went on a two weeks' cruise once, and had hay fever and were seasick, both together, all the time. Hence we weren't much interested in learning about sailing. So all we can say is that the sailboats were very pretty. We believe we are correct in saying that they were all sloop or cat rigged. We don't think there were any brigs or barkentines there.

The Sperry Gyroscope Company had an exhibit which interested us very much. The man at the helm, who has inspired so much bad poetry in the past, is evidently about to depart from us forever, along with the iceman and the coachman. Instead of telling this person to steer nor'-nor'-west, a quarter north, you set the gyro-pilot for the proper course, and this mechanical steersman carries on accurately and untiringly, and with considerably less deviation than even the best of quartermasters would show in steering. We don't pretend to understand the mechanism of this machine, and so we won't explain it to you. It is used in combination with the gyro-compass, about which it was only made clear to us that because of the tendency of a spinning gyroscope wheel to maintain its axle in a fixed direction in space this compass always indicates the true north, and thus greatly simplifies navigation, since it obviates the necessity for making the complex calculations necessary to convert the readings of a magnetic compass to true. Perhaps we had better not say any more about this.

Something which we could perfectly understand, however, was the Toppan yacht tender. It is built rather on the lines of the seagoing dory, tows well, is capacious, and yet can be used in very shoal water. Altogether one of the best tenders we have seen. And reasonably priced.

Airplane propellers are used in driving some other boats that we saw. These craft have hulls of hydroplane type, draw very little water, and will get up a speed of from 18 to 50 miles per hour, according to the engine with which they are powered. Specially designed propellers and careful muffling of the exhaust reduce the noise to a minimum.

W. R. B.

Music and Musicians

Ether-Music, Bruennhilde and Her Horse, and Mr. Toscanini

By EUGENE BONNER

IT'S a good thing for him that Professor Léon Thérémin did not live in Spain during the times of the Holy Inquisition or in our own Salem, Massachusetts, during the period of its witch-baiting activities. Had he been able to give then such a demonstration as we witnessed a few evenings ago on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, he would undoubtedly have been trussed up and roasted in short order, for it would seem that nothing short of witchcraft or magic could perform such prodigies as those worked before our eyes on that occasion.

This young Russian scientist stands before an instrument not unlike the usual radio apparatus which has two antennæ, one vertical, the other horizontal, and by the free movement of his hands before these antennæ manages to bring forth the most extraordinary tones, which are heard through the medium of a loudspeaker.

As a great many people who are not scientists know, when they hear a violin, a horn, or a drum being played, the sounds produced do not actually come from the instrument itself, but are the atmospheric vibrations set in motion through the agency of the instrument in question. Now Professor Thérémin, instead of getting those vibrations from any of the more usual type of instrument, produces the sounds by the movements of his hands in what might be called a highly sensitized field

in the immediate vicinity of the above-mentioned antennæ. In short, he takes what has been called the "oscillating howl" of the ordinary radio receiver and, so to speak, tames it until he can make it produce what we term musical intervals.

Just at present the Thérémin-Vox, as this apparatus is called, is more interesting scientifically than musically, though the possibilities of such an instrument seem to be endless and may even eventually revolutionize music as we now know it. The sound that comes out of the air through the medium of this instrument is a cross between a violin (or

'cello) and the human voice, though, for that matter, Professor Thérémin gets other noises that are like nothing in heaven or on earth—gorgeous yowls and whoops that give unmeasured joy to the more ribald hearers. There's nothing at all mechanical in the quality of the more musical tones produced, which have at times a really unearthly beauty.

Neither Professor Thérémin nor his assistant, Mr. Goldberg, profess to be musicians, therefore the possibilities from that point of view cannot yet be determined. It is said that Mr. Toscanini has expressed a desire to experiment with the instrument, and it will be extremely interesting to know his opinion after he has done so.

The musical program given by the inventor and his assistant, which consisted of such rather simple things as the "Ave Maria" of Schubert, "The Swan" of Saint-Saëns, and other compositions of the same caliber, was, of course, more to demonstrate the practical application of the apparatus than to entertain from the musical point of view. However, it does conjure up all sorts of visions as to what Richard Strauss, Stravinsky, Honegger, and other modern masters of the orchestra might be able to do if given the chance to utilize this marvelous discovery in their new scores!



Gertrude Kappel as Bruennhilde in "Götterdämmerung"

BRET HARTE, Mark Twain, or whoever made the observation that "No man can be two places at the same time, barrin' he's a bird," must

have foreseen the plight of the present-day music critic in the city of Gotham, as the desirability of omnipresence was brought home with particular force the other evening when it became necessary to choose between Toscanini's opening performance of the season with the Philharmonic Orchestra and Gertrude Kappel's first appearance in these parts in the rôle of the "Götterdämmerung" Bruennhilde.

Fortunately, the great Italian *maestro* was repeating his program the next afternoon, so we decided in favor of the new Bruennhilde, and, from the rising of the curtain until the going down of the same, were able to follow every note (except where Mr. Bodanzky had used his well-known ax) of this, the greatest of the four operas that compose "Der Ring des Nibelungen."

It was a curiously uneven performance, rising at times to great heights, at other times—well, not so high. Mme. Kappel again demonstrated the fact that she is one of the greatest living Wagnerian artists. From the opening duet with Siegfried to the great immolation scene at the end, her performance was of sustained power and beauty, though she was not a little handicapped at the very end by a very nervous Grane. Why can't that wretched horse be kept off-stage, anyway? As long as Wagner's stage directions can't be followed out exactly, why not let him poke his head through a hole somewhere in that last-act set and let it go at that? It was difficult to repress a smile when Kappel, singing superbly the while, gave the animal a smack on his hind quarters which sent that worthy back into his place.

We were unable to wax enthusiastic over the Siegfried of Walther Kirchhoff, and the Hagen of Michael Bohnen was most puzzling. This singer's habit of speaking much of his music, while effective at times, becomes monotonous and irritating when he persists in overdoing it. After all, if Wagner had wanted those lines spoken he'd have written them so. Hagen as revealed to us by Mr. Bohnen is a handsome, not unfriendly brute, which does seem a little at variance with the Hagen of tradition.

Maria Mueller made a lovely Guttrune both as to voice and appearance, and Karin Branzell was an eloquent and commanding Waltraute, while the secondary rôles were adequately handled.

To attempt to criticise or discuss the work of Arturo Toscanini, perhaps the greatest conductor in the world of the present day, seems an impertinence.

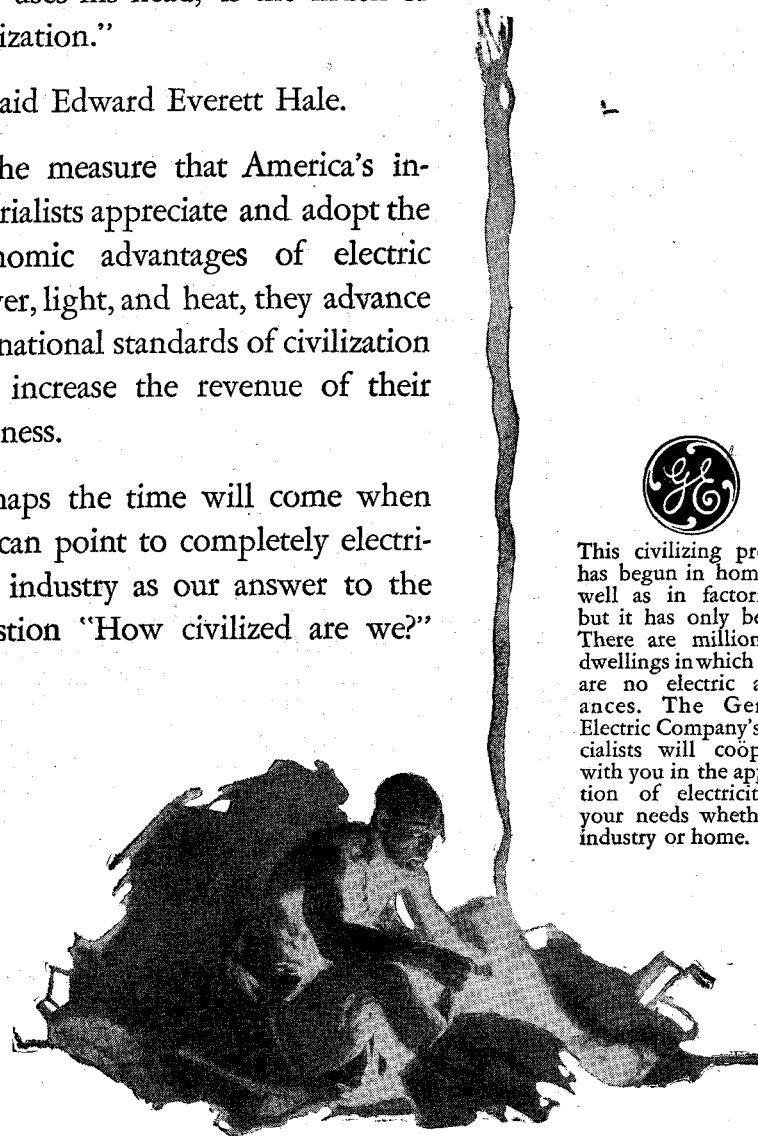
How civilized are we?

"THE extent to which the world has changed the laborer who uses his body into the workman who uses his head, is the index of civilization."

So said Edward Everett Hale.

In the measure that America's industrialists appreciate and adopt the economic advantages of electric power, light, and heat, they advance the national standards of civilization and increase the revenue of their business.

Perhaps the time will come when we can point to completely electrified industry as our answer to the question "How civilized are we?"



This civilizing process has begun in homes as well as in factories—but it has only begun. There are millions of dwellings in which there are no electric appliances. The General Electric Company's specialists will cooperate with you in the application of electricity to your needs whether in industry or home.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

No matter how much any of us that try to write intelligently about things musical may know, or think we know, our position when confronted by such a phenomenon as Toscanini becomes that, as George Meredith puts it, of "insects under thunder."

From the brilliant little overture of "Sinigaglia" to the Elgar "Enigma" variations, which, as one critic remarked, are no longer enigmatic, this great genius of the baton swept his orchestra and audience along with him to those heights where analysis is unneeded and criticism is, or should be, silent.

The majesty of the Brahms D Major Symphony, the poetry of the Honegger "Pastorale d'Été," and the bizarre brilliance of the same composer's "Pacific 231" were brought out to just the degree merited by each.

It was our second hearing of the locomotive epic, the first being on the occasion of its initial performance by Koussevitsky in Paris in May, 1924. The work seemed much clearer as directed by Toscanini and less interesting as a composition than when done by the Russian conductor. What's the answer? We'd rather like to know.

The Street of Finance

Has the Business Slump Run Its Course?

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

STUDYING the latest figures on railway traffic and employment and other trade indices, some members of the financial and the business communities have been growing a little impatient. They had been assured by the President, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the best-known bankers that the industrial slump had about run its course. They have seen no impressive recovery so far, and they are beginning to wonder if Mr. Coolidge and the leaders who wrote optimistic forecasts for the various New Year's financial reviews knew what they were talking about.

Details of the history of the last quarter of 1927 have not allayed their uneasiness. The United States Steel Corporation, bell-wether of industry, failed to earn the dividend on the common stock during the last three months. Employment in New York State during December was at the lowest level it has reached since the depression of 1921 and the country's railway car loadings showed a decline of about six per cent from December, 1926. Gross railroad revenues in December were more than ten per cent below those of the preceding year.

Uneasiness, however, has affected chiefly those whose outlook is never very broad, who are consistently over-pessimistic during slack periods and over-optimistic when business is humming. Information regarding the first six weeks of the year is incomplete, but the following impressions are roughly those of the Wall Street institutions whose judgment has been proved most reliable.

The basic industry, steel, obviously has improved greatly. Its activity has been increasing steadily since the middle of December, and the first February issue of the "Iron Age," the leading steel review, reported that "a marked increase in blast furnace operations in January, fresh price advances, and further evidences of heavier consumption reflect the growing strength of the market." Ingot production of the leading manufacturers is averaging nearly 80 per cent. At this time last year, it was only 75 per cent. In December, 1927, it fell as low as 60 per cent. The National City Bank believes that the record of 93 per cent of capacity production, which was established last March, may be equaled

It is clear now that business was even less active during the closing months of 1927 than was realized at the time. President Coolidge, Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, and leading financiers have assured the country that a recovery was at hand. This article gives the chief reasons for believing that, despite the presence of some undoubtedly discouraging factors, these authorities were probably correct in their predictions.

within a few weeks. Another symptom of health has been the fact that orders have been well distributed among the various industries.

Opinions regarding the automobile situation differ. The most prominent motor executives, who have been right astonishingly often, still insist that this year's sales will establish new records, but the retail demand for cars really has not been tested yet. Orders received at the Automobile Show were surprisingly large and dealers are laying in big stocks, but the average man's capacity and willingness to buy cars will not be determined until spring opens the roads.

Henry Ford's failure to produce more than a negligible number of cars has been a disappointment and estimates as to his output during the next few weeks have been revised drastically downward, despite the fact that the number of his employees has been increasing rapidly. Even the few new Fords that have been manufactured, however, have been a great boon to the automobile accessory manufacturers. All the latest models are following the Ford's lead and carrying more accessories than ever before. Tire manufacturers are convinced that between Mr. Ford and his rivals a great many cars will be sold, and they are preparing for a banner year.

The mildness of the winter has stimulated construction work, and operations since the first of January have been about as extensive as they were during the same period last year. Thomas S. Holden, Vice-President of the F. W. Dodge Corporation, predicts that building expenditures during 1928 will be three per cent larger than in 1927 and one and one-half per cent larger than in 1926, the record year. What the construction industry has gained the coal business has lost. With labor disputes suspended in the mines, the capacity for

supply has increased substantially over what it was a year ago, only to find the demand badly shrunken. Jokes about the difficulty of obtaining coal are not in vogue today.

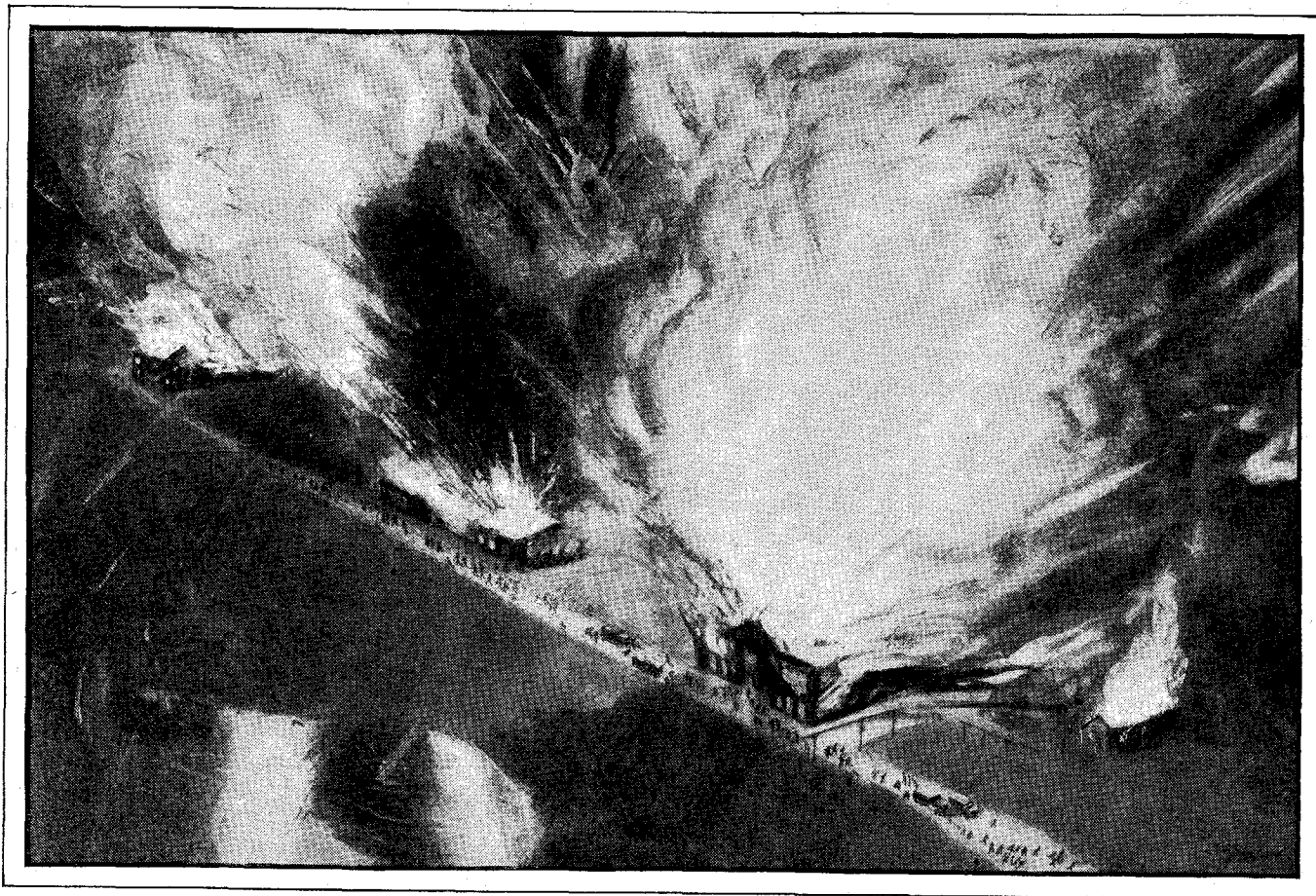
Manufacturers of silk goods had a fairly prosperous January, but cotton spinners have awakened to the realization that they overproduced this autumn, and many of them have had to curtail operations drastically pending the disposal of stocks on hand. The woolen trade has suffered from the unseasonably warm weather and steadily rising prices for the raw product.

Without discussing other industries in detail, it may be said that the Standard Trade and Securities Service summarizes the outlook as "excellent" for agricultural implements, chemicals, electrical equipment, rayon, tobacco products, and light and power utilities; "good" for machinery and machine equipment; "fair" for apparel, copper, fertilizers, floor coverings, lead, and zinc; and "poor" for oil, radio, and shipping.

Retail trade, as evidenced by the reports of both department and chain stores, was larger in January than it was a year ago and well in excess of expectations. The mild weather hurt the demand for winter goods, but it brought in spring buying much earlier than usual. The winter stuff was cleared out so well by cut-price sales that inventories remain small.

One of the most encouraging features of the business situation has been the scarcity of wage cuts. Here the influence of Henry Ford is again visible. Manufacturers have learned from him that a high wage standard means a high level of consumption.

This review, which is a symposium of the best expert opinion available, furnishes little basis for pessimism and many grounds for believing that President Coolidge and others who predicted a recovery did know what they were talking about. The next few weeks will tell the story. The period of midwinter dullness, which is regularly irksome to business men, is nearly over, and, whether 1928 is to bring more or less prosperity than the average year, it is certain that the next two or three months will see an improvement in nearly every line of business and industry.



The Spirit of Service

*An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company*



IN JULY, 1926, lightning struck the Navy Arsenal at Denmark Lake, New Jersey. The explosion demolished the \$80,000,000 plant, rocked the countryside, left thousands homeless and many dead. While the community fled in terror, fresh explosions hurled fragments of shell and debris far and wide.

High upon the roster of those who responded to the call of duty were the telephone workers. Operators in the danger zone stayed at their posts. Those who had left for the day and others on vacation, on their own initiative, hurried back to help handle the unprecedented volume of calls. Linemen and repairmen braved exploding shells to restore the service. Within a little

over an hour emergency telephone service was established, invaluable in caring for the victims and in mobilizing forces to fight the fire which followed. In spite of repeated warnings of danger still threatening, no telephone worker left the affected area.

Through each of the day's twenty-four hours, the spirit of service is the heritage of the thousands of men and women who have made American telephone service synonymous with dependability. In every emergency, it is this spirit that causes Bell System employees to set aside all thought of personal comfort and safety and, voluntarily, risk their lives to "Get the message through."

Tell Me a Story

Original tales remembered from childhood to tell to children

Conducted by HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by Jay Van Everen

WHEN William Lyon Phelps was little Billie, aged four, his older brother used to tell him a ghost story which he can still remember word for word. All the lights were turned out and a delighted small boy sat shivering while Big Brother told "The Iron Hill" in tones that grew more and more sepulchral as the tale went on. Each sentence ended in a low, trembling "Oo-ooh!" like a groan of fear, with a resulting cumulative effect as ghostly as any terror-loving child could desire. And just as the unsuspecting listener believed the real story was about to begin it ended abruptly with a sudden, loud, snarling shriek: "Yea-ah-h!" sometimes coupled with a pounce and a grab.

"It scared me to death," smiles Dr. Phelps, "but I loved it. Most children, like most grown-ups, certainly all boys, love to be frightened if they are really safe all the while. Why do we like to sit comfortably through thrillers like 'The Cat and the Canary,' or read horror stories by our own fireside? It is natural to prefer excitement and thrills to the dull and prosaic. Of course, a super-sensitive child might be disturbed by a ghost story—parents must use their own discretion—but I think it too bad to deprive normal children of the fun of being scared."

The Iron Hill

As remembered by William Lyon Phelps



ONCE upon a time, there was an iron hill—oo-ooh!

But nobody ever went up there—oo-ooh!

And on the iron hill stood an iron house—oo-ooh!

But nobody ever lived there—oo-ooh!
And in that iron house was an iron door—oo-ooh!

But nobody ever opened it—oo-ooh!
And in that iron door was an iron key—oo-ooh!

But nobody ever turned it—oo-ooh!



And over that iron door was an iron bell—oo-ooh!

But nobody ever rang it—oo-ooh!

But one day, a man rode up the iron hill to the iron house—oo-ooh!

And he walked up to the iron door—oo-ooh!

And he turned the iron key—oo-ooh!

But the door wouldn't open—oo-ooh!

So he rang the iron bell—oo-ooh!

And he heard the bell ringing inside the dark house—oo-ooh!

But nobody came to the door—oo-ooh!

So he walked around the iron house and opened one of the iron windows—oo-ooh!

And he fell into a dark, dark room—oo-ooh!

And the room was icy cold and he could see nothing—oo-ooh!

So he groped around until he found a big iron chest—oo-ooh!

But the chest was icy cold and there was nothing inside—oo-ooh!

So he stumbled into another dark room—oo-ooh!

And he groped around until he found a big iron stove—oo-ooh!

But the stove was icy cold and there was no fire inside—oo-ooh!

So he stumbled into another dark room—oo-ooh!

And he groped around until he found a big iron bed—oo-ooh!

But the bed was icy cold and there was nobody inside—oo-ooh!

And beside the iron bed stood an iron chair—oo-ooh!

But the chair was icy cold and there was nobody sitting in it—oo-ooh!

So he stumbled into the dark hall and groped around until he found a spiral staircase—oo-ooh!

And he climbed up the staircase—oo-ooh!

And the railing was iron and icy cold—oo-ooh!

And his feet went clap, clap, clap, up the iron stairs, echoing through all the dark, empty house—oo-ooh!

But he climbed and climbed until he stumbled into another dark room—oo-ooh!

But that room was icy cold too, and he couldn't hear a sound and he couldn't see a thing and there was nothing there—oo-ooh!

So he climbed up the spiral staircase till he stumbled into another dark room—oo-ooh!

But that room was icy cold, too, and he couldn't hear a sound or see a thing and there was nothing there—oo-ooh!

So he began to climb the spiral staircase again. And it was icy cold and very dark—oo-ooh!

And then suddenly far, far away, he heard a sound—oo-ooh!

It came from the cellar—oo-ooh!

It was the sound of clanking chains—oo-ooh!

They were iron chains—oo-ooh!

And he heard the iron chains clanking up the cellar steps and across the first floor—oo-ooh!

But there were no footsteps—oo-ooh!

He heard iron chains clanking up the spiral staircase to the second floor—oo-ooh!

But still there were no footsteps—oo-ooh!

And he heard the iron chains clanking up the spiral staircase to the third floor where he stood waiting in the dark—oo-ooh!



But still there were no footsteps—oo-ooh!

And still he could see nothing—oo-ooh!

And the sound of the clanking chains came nearer and nearer, and he was all alone in the icy-cold house—oo-ooh!

And it was very dark—oo-ooh!

And the clanking chains climbed nearer and nearer up the spiral staircase—oo-ooh!

¹ The stories in this department are the favorite tales of various families which have been handed down to each succeeding younger generation. The Outlook will be glad to receive and to pay for any such stories which our readers remember from their own childhood and which are found available.

And still there were no footsteps—
oo-oooh!

And still he could see nothing—oo-
oooh!

And the clanking chains drew nearer
and the man waited—all alone in the
dark, and the house was icy cold—oo-
oooh!

Until all of a sudden he saw a ta-all
whi-ite figure—

Yea-a-ah-h!

Our Own Theatre List

(See "Lights Down: A Review of the Stage,"
on page 265)

"Coquette," Maxine Elliott.—Comedy, tragedy;
youth in a small Southern town; Helen Hayes
and excellent cast; first choice for tears and
humor.

"Escape," Booth.—Galsworthy's melodrama; an
English gentleman, escaped from prison,
plays hare to the constables' hounds in many
exciting situations; Leslie Howard; what
would you do if he took refuge with you?

"The Ivory Door," Charles Hopkins.—Fantasy;
medieval fairy tale, telling the truth about
human nature; Henry Hull and good com-
pany; one of the best things in town.

"The Doctor's Dilemma," Guild.—Farce, comedy,
including a death scene; Shaw's fling at the
doctors and people who think their own
morality the only one; Alfred Lunt; better
than ever.

"Trial of Mary Dugan," National.—Mystery,
murder, melodrama; circumstantial evidence
turned inside out before your eye, convincingly
acted; you won't move.

"The Royal Family," Selwyn.—Comedy; home
hubbub of a family of famous theatrical
stars; fairly well acted; so funny that it
sometimes isn't real enough to be as good as
it should be.

"Porgy," Republic.—Folk-play; Negro life along
Charleston water-front; real Negroes; a gor-
geous thing, if simply for its pastel colors
and primitive music.

"Broadway," Broadhurst.—Melodrama; life back-
stage in a Broadway cabaret; excellently
done; rum, passion, and pistols.

"The Shannons of Broadway," Martin Beck.—
Comedy, melodrama; vaudeville actors run-
ning a small-town hotel; James and Lucile
Gleason; good hard-boiled sentiment and some
music.

"The Plough and the Stars," Knickerbocker.—
Realistic drama picturing Irish life in the
Dublin slums; the Irish Players; realism and
humor.

"The Queen's Husband," Playhouse.—Modern light
comedy; royalty in a mythical kingdom; Ro-
land Young; Sherwood's most subtle humor.

Best Musical Shows

"Funny Face," Alvin.—The Astaires, Gershwin
music; best on Broadway.

"Show Boat," Ziegfeld.—Better than Ziegfeld's
good ones.

"The Mikado," Royale.—Gilbert and Sullivan; bet-
ter than you've seen it in years.

"Manhattan Mary," Apollo.—Ed Wynn. What
more? Well, not much.

"A Connecticut Yankee," Vanderbilt.—Good lyrics
and music; not much Mark Twain.

The Movies

(See page 266)

"Beau Sabreur."—The so-called sequel to "Beau
Geste." Lots of sand, but no ginger.

"Chicago."—In this issue.

"The Circus."—Charlie Chaplin. Drop everything,
and go.

"The Divine Woman."—Greta Garbo looks lovely
and tries hard.

"Drums of Love."—In this issue.

"The Gaucho."—Douglas Fairbanks in an outsize
picture.

"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."—In this issue.

"The Jazz Singer."—Al Jolson and the Vitaphone
are thrilling; the picture isn't much.

"The Last Command."—The mighty Jannings,
with a good story, good direction, and good
support.

"The Student Prince."—A Lubitsch picture, and a
good one. Ramón Navarro, Norma Shearer,
and Jean Hersholt.

"Sunrise."—The film of the year.

"13 Washington Square."—In this issue.

"West Point."—William Haines, authentic set-
tings, utterly preposterous.

"Wings."—A fine war picture, marred by the
well-meant efforts of Clara Bow.

hawaii · Waikiki



Romantic places you've always
wanted to see

Go now on the Malolo



AN EMERALD set in the
blue Pacific... an island
paradise—Hawaii. Four
days beyond the Golden Gate its
pleasures are waiting for you; its
fascinations are eager to claim
you. Think of swimming off
Waikiki in the moonlight; think
of golf on a famous mid-Pacific
course—think of strangely deli-
cious new foods to eat, new
sights to see, new sports to enjoy!

Why not go now? Glamorous Hawaii
is now but four short days from the
mainland. Even from New York it is
but three weeks' round-trip.

The splendid new MALOLO, swiftest
and most luxurious passenger vessel
ever built in the United States, sails
from San Francisco every other Satur-
day. She makes the passage in the
amazing time of only four days. Let
this year mark the happy event of your
Hawaiian holiday. There are one or
more Matson sailings from San Fran-
cisco every week. Regular sailings
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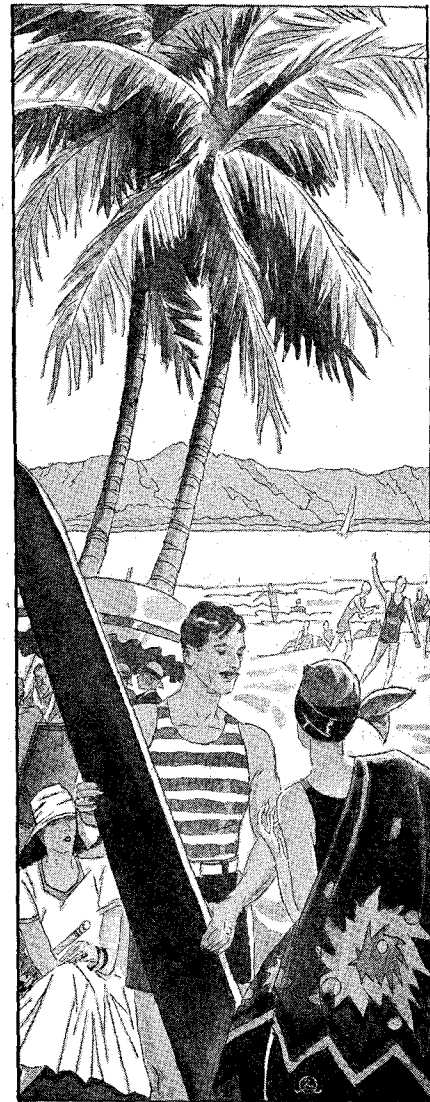
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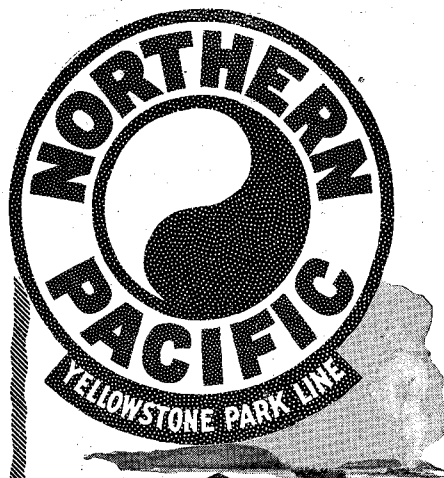
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Speaking of Books

A New Literary Department

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

THE books in greatest demand are usually those most discussed. The following list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by nine book-shops each week. These particular book-shops were chosen because we think that they reflect the tastes of the more representative readers. These shops are as follows:

New York—Brentano's.
Boston—Old Corner Book Store.
Rochester—Scrantom's Inc.
Cleveland—Korner & Wood.
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevort & Barney.
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Co.
Houston—Teolin Pilot Company.
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company.

Fiction

"*Claire Ambler*," by Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Doran & Co. Booth Tarkington's typical and painfully realistic flapper and flirt at sixteen, twenty, and twenty-five, breaking hearts at home and abroad. She is so real that you can hear her giggling coo, see her studiously nonchalant slouch. Every one who has enjoyed her Tarkingtonian predecessors will like to read about her. Reviewed January 25.

"*The Bridge of San Luis Rey*," by Thornton Wilder. Albert and Charles Boni. A study in the operation of fate, whereby widely divergent lives are brought to the same end. This is not merely a clever device for relating fundamentally unrelated stories, as in "The Cabala" or in Lubbock's "Roman Pictures." Readers of this startlingly brilliant book will miss its worth if they fail to see the emotional depths which the shimmering surface covers. Reviewed by Mary Shirley, January 4.

"*A President is Born*," by Fannie Hurst. Harper & Brothers. This, the story of the making of a perfect President, is the best thing the author has done, and almost any one from fourteen on will enjoy it. In fact, it is a good suggestion for boys and girls in their teens. The characters are round, living, and very appealing, and the interest wide. The ingenious device whereby the reader's imagination is called into play adds not a little to the pleasure of the reading. Reviewed January 18.

"*Jalna*," by Mazo de la Roche. Little, Brown & Co. A clannish family in Canada survives the potentially disrupting love affairs of several members. If you like a good story, peopled by startling and brilliant caricatures, you will enjoy it. Reviewed November 2.

"*Kitty*," by Warwick Deeping. A. A. Knopf. A young wife's struggle against her dominating mother-in-law for the possession of her husband. The setting is post-war England. You will enjoy it if you like a machine-turned story with humor and wholesome sentiment. Reviewed December 21.

Non-Fiction

"*Mother India*," by Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace & Co. This account of some aspects of Indian society is not calculated to endear us to India, but is providing lively reading for lots of Americans. We suggest that they follow it with "A Son of Mother India Answers," by Dhan Gopal Mukerji, E. P. Dutton, \$1.50. Reviewed June 22.

"*Disraeli*," by André Maurois. D. Appleton & Co. Those who enjoyed "Ariel" will want to read this, and the change from revolutionary poet to imperialistic statesman need not disturb them. Maurois breathes life into a period which we often think of as soberly dull. His picture of English political figures against the Victorian background is full of color and brilliant detail. Disraeli, a romantic figure of an almost fictional type, is a very happy choice as a subject for imaginative biography. Mr. Lawrence F. Abbott will review this later.

"*Napoleon*," by Emil Ludwig. Boni & Liveright. You will find this engrossing biography a fine foot-note to the Napoleonic period. Reviewed November 9.

"*Bismarck*," by Emil Ludwig. Little, Brown & Co. This splendid biography by a master craftsman is unhesitatingly recommended to any one with a taste for solid reading. Reviewed November 9.

"*We*," by Charles A. Lindbergh. G. P. Putnam's Sons. The young hero's story of his life is a direct, simple, and often moving account. It deserves a permanent place among boys' books and with the "inspirational" reading for which librarians are always looking. Reviewed August 17.

War in Ireland

By ERNEST BOYD

"*Recollections of the Irish War*," by Darrell Figgis. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Of all the interesting personalities who played their various and often tragic parts in the drama of Irish politics between the summer of 1914 and the summer of 1921, when the truce was signed which led to the creation of the Irish Free State, none was more unusual than Darrell Figgis. As he himself explains in this book, although born in Ireland, he was best known as an author and journalist in London, where he had spent most of his active life, coming only for a holiday to his bungalow on the island of Achill, off the coast of Mayo. Yet by a hazard of fate he became deeply involved in what is generally known as the Sinn Fein movement, and performed many useful services in that cause, only to die by suicide in London in 1925.

Those who knew him well cannot but read this book, which stops at the signing of the Anglo-Irish Treaty, with their knowledge of his sad end coupled with their knowledge of his peculiar temperament, which adds something to the quality of this record. It is the work of an extraordinary egotist, whose egotism might not have injured him had he been less intelligent; but in this respect he differed from all the other prominent figures in Sinn Fein politics. Right or wrong, they were selfless and absolutely disinterested. Figgis, although he risked his life and suffered imprisonment and privation, never at any time lost sight of himself as the central figure in a national melodrama. It was that ruthless selfishness of his, even though directed towards Sinn Fein ends, which brought about his discredit and his disappearance from the Irish political scene.

In this account of a complicated, exciting, and terrible period in Irish history the author himself looms large—much larger than the facts warrant. Yet in the main his account of the facts is true; he is fair to his friends and his adversaries. All that is needed is to set Darrell Figgis in his true perspective in order to have a well-written, well-

informed history of Ireland from the outbreak of the World War to the establishment of the Free State. Mr. Figgis was one of those who went to Belgium in May, 1914, to purchase arms for the Irish Volunteers. It is characteristic of the topsyturvydom of the years between to recall the names of those engaged in that hazardous enterprise: Roger Casement, executed for treason by the British Government; Tom Kettle, who was killed in the trenches; Erskine Childers, who served through the war in the British navy, with his friend Conor O'Brien, and who then became so violent a republican that he was finally executed by the Irish Free State.

The earliest pages of this narrative are enough to provoke meditation on the strange twists of fate, and as the story proceeds ample food is furnished for similar and other reflections. It is a record of misunderstandings, heroisms, brutalities, intrigues and counter-intrigues, which presuppose in the reader a clear grasp of Irish politics. Darrell Figgis undoubtedly planned it primarily as a monument to himself, but its future value will be as a source book for the historian who can check the writer's statements by reference to less egocentric witnesses. He was the most articulate on his own behalf of all those, of lesser and greater renown, who defied British authority in Ireland after the Easter insurrection of 1916, but his importance as a leader was not commensurate with the thought which inspires this book. Only he could have conceived of such events as a setting for the exposition of a personal story, which differs not a whit from the stories which Arthur Griffith, Michael Collins, Richard Mulcahy, or Eamonn De Valera might have told. In fact, if they had made themselves the central figure of such a story, all of them had at least the justification of having played decisive parts in events for which their whole lives had been a preparation. Figgis characteristically rushed in where they feared to tread.

New Yorker—Old Style

By RUSSEL CROUSE

"The Diary of Philip Hone." Edited by Allan Nevins. 2 vols. Dodd, Mead & Co.

New York has been unfortunate in the matter of historians. They have been too few, to begin with, and they have been so devoted to the black and white of data to the exclusion of glowing color, that they have left stark obelisks rather than rich canvases.

Dates and names and places have been accessible, to be sure, but those who sought to feel the social growth of

the most fascinating city in the New World have found it necessary to turn to extrinsic papers. Of these, by far the most important is the diary of Philip Hone. Its original twenty-eight manuscript volumes lie under lock and key at the New York Historical Society, available to few. Its first printed edition, sponsored by Bayard Tuckerman forty years ago, is long since out of print. And now it reappears in two volumes that are worth their weight in modern novels.

The first entry in Philip Hone's diary is dated 1828, the last 1851. Twenty-three years of faithful detail are a great many in a story so brief as New York's. And Hone was the almost perfect diarist, impersonal to such a degree that at no time does his own shadow blur the events of which he writes. He was a keen reporter and a simple narrator.

Hone was an aristocrat, but he achieved aristocracy. Consequently he could write from its vantage-point with a certain depth of observation. He was born to no advantages, went to work and not to college, and by 1821 had accumulated a fortune which permitted him to retire and become a good listener. He had a hand in everything that took place

in the New York of his day. He was Mayor for a brief term, and his financial eminence gave him National political importance also. But it was his social side that he indulged. He entertained incessantly and lavishly. And he hunted big game. No great visitor could put foot on shore without also putting it under Hone's table.

And so from day to day he wrote the story of a city that was not yet great and cumbersome and out of hand. He wrote it so engagingly that one cannot escape the conviction that he hoped it would one day be read by whatever strange creatures might fall heir to his island. That impression, however, may be due to the discriminating deletions of Allan Nevins, who has edited the present edition with an excellent sense of values.

Its pages are as crowded with fascinating personalities as a Brueghel canvas: Washington Irving, who "gives himself no airs, is lively without conceit, and instructive without pedantry;" John J. Audubon, devoted to ornithology "with the ardor of a lover to his mistress;" S. F. B. Morse, who "has no imagination;" Andrew Jackson, "a gourmand of adulation"—and, later, a great deal worse.

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Then, too, there are John Quincy Adams, "that strange, versatile, implacable man;" Captain Marryat, "not any better pleased with the Americans than they with him;" James Fenimore Cooper, "an arrogant, acrimonious writer;" Chancellor Kent, "the loveliest man I ever knew;" James Gordon Bennett, "this impudent disturber of the public peace;" Charles Dickens, "a small, bright-eyed, intelligent-looking young fellow."

It is, of course, difficult to present the picture as it is revealed in so voluminous a document. The scope of Hone's New York is amazing. He saw it transformed from an overgrown town in which pigs wallowed in the streets into a city of half a million. He went to Europe in a sailing vessel, but lived to marvel at the steam-driven Pacific, which crossed the ocean "in ten days and four hours from dock to dock!" And yet his New York was not so different, in essence, from ours. In 1835 he wrote that "pulling down and rebuilding is the fashion of the day."

It is not even a simple matter to single out items that are representative of its casual charm. One stumbled onto things of this sort:

"Wednesday, April 20 (1831)—While I was shaving this morning at eight o'clock I witnessed from the front windows an encounter in the street nearly opposite between William C. Bryant, one of the editors of the *Evening Post*, and William L. Stone, editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*. The former commenced the attack by striking Stone over the head with a cowskin; after a few blows the parties closed and the whip was wrested from Bryant and carried off by Stone."

And this:

"Wednesday, July 3 (1833)—The celebrated Col. Burr was married on Monday evening to the equally celebrated Mrs. Jumel, widow of Stephen Jumel. It is benevolent in her to keep the old man in his latter days."

And this:

"Friday, Aug. 6 (1841)—The body of a young female named Mary Cecilia Rogers was found Thursday last in the river near Hoboken, with horrid marks of violation and violence on her person. She was a beautiful girl, an attendant in the cigar shop of John Anderson in Broadway."

But a young man named Poe was to make a longer story of it and to call it "The Mystery of Marie Roget."

Hone lost his leisure with his fortune in the later years of his life, but he was not to lose the habit of writing in his

diary. On April 30, 1851, he wrote: "Tomorrow will be the first of May. Volume 29 lies ready on my desk. Shail it go on?"

He wrote no more, for he died a few days later. But his diary has gone on, and undoubtedly will continue to do so as long as there is an interest in New York.

Good News

"Much Loved Books," by James O'Donnell Bennett. Boni & Liveright.

"The papers now collected under the title of 'Much Loved Books' were first printed serially in the Chicago 'Tribune'—the reason for the assignment [was] the thought that the songs of Homer and the meditations of Thoreau still are good news." This is taken from the foreword of a book which comes as a reminder of rest and refreshment at hand. Courage, friends. Are you tired by the effort of keeping up with the new books? Remember that there are old ones still to be had. Do you pick up the crisp volumes in their bright jackets, feeling that they are indeed uncertain quantities? "Much Loved Books" will remind you that there are books which you will surely enjoy because you have enjoyed them again and again; that there is certain laughter for you between those battered covers, certain gentle tears between these; here is exaltation to be found, there, peace. Be of good cheer. If you have found the new wits lumbering, the new tongues dull, remember Sterne and Horace, "The Spectator" and "Gulliver." If modern swashbucklers have the flavor of a Pullman smoker, here is Benvenuto Cellini. If "Marco Millions" bores you, there is Marco Polo still. If the new ideas are ill and redundantly expressed, you can find the same ones, stripped to perfection, in Goethe and Bacon, Plutarch and Emerson. If modern lovers leave you bored and cold, go to that most engaging and enduring pair, Elizabeth Bennet and Darcy. If modern problems do not move you, get out "The Scarlet Letter" and your handkerchief. If the abuse of English by our young illiterati has outraged your senses, soothe them with Izaak Walton and with Bunyan, comfort them with the Book of Common Prayer. If you are sick at heart because in the new books you do not find the homely, human things that you have cherished, there on the shelf are "David Copperfield" and Burns, Hans Andersen and "Huckleberry Finn."

Mr. Bennett hopes for his book, he says, that it may be a lure to the un-



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suspecting, a bait to tempt reluctant readers into what they awefully call the "classics," and carefully avoid. That it may do; and it will be well done. But for us who are fortunate enough to know already that a classic may be stuffed in the pocket, thrown across the room, read on the train, discussed over soup and fish, left on the guest-room table, given to a sophomore cousin, just as well as "Main Street," or "Adam and Eve" and "Pinch Me," or "Cross Currents in Nicaraguan Night Life"—for us "Much Loved Books" is a blessed reminder, news that is always good.

Many new books are good books—God forbid that we should ever forget it! But in the effort to make sure of it, to say it out loud and often, we sometimes do forget that all good books are not new. "Best Sellers of the Ages" is the sub-title of Mr. Bennett's book. After all, that sells best which sells longest.

F. C. L. R.

THE editor of this department will be glad to help readers with advice and suggestions in buying current books, whether noticed in these pages or not. If you wish guidance in selecting books for yourself or to give away, we shall do the best we can for you if you will write us, giving some suggestions, preferably with examples, of the taste which is to be satisfied. We shall confine ourselves to books published within the last year or so, so that you will have no trouble in buying them through your own bookshop.

Anti-Semitism

(Continued from page 249)

cepting as interested spectators. It's not because they're Jews they're so wrong here. It's because they're *not yet English*. Do you see that? If they had any idea what these other folk are saying about them, would they, I wonder, stay for the next race?"

Now I am not for one moment indorsing this point of view. My personal attitude in these considerations is of little interest or importance. But the oration of my friend was significantly clinched by the fact that when the race of the day was drawing to a breathless finish our friends were unconcernedly looking in the opposite direction and peeling what they described, while the fruit was handed round, as "panannas."

It is difficult for a Jew to discuss this allegation of Jewish vulgarity, and it is painful. The difficulty lies, not only in the different standards of vulgarity which underlie the Jewish and Gentile



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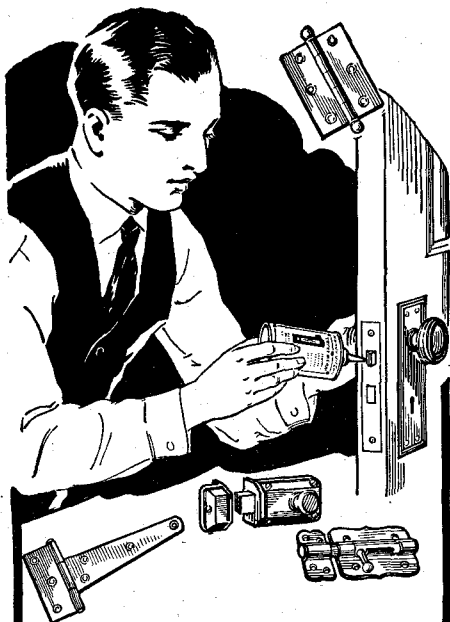
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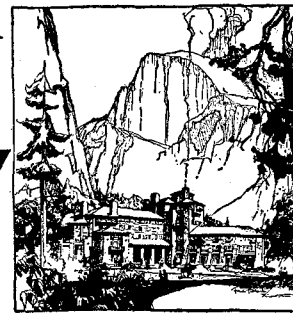


attitudes to life, but in the fact that some proportion of what the Gentile so describes is interwoven in the fabric of Jewish mentality and Jewish custom. While a Jew considers in the highest degree vulgar the spectacle of Gentile parents slipping through the doors of a furtive speak-easy with the money their children need for boots and bread, the Gentile parents consider this behavior as eminently the right thing. In the same way a Jewish woman on a trolley carrying home three living fowls from the market in preparation for the Saturday dinner only realizes she is performing her matronly duty, while at the same moment her Gentile neighbors look sourly upon her as upon a thoroughly vulgar nuisance.

The explanation for anti-Semitism which is most glibly offered by some Gentile caught in *flagrante delicto* is, of course, the Jew's worship of money and his preposterous financial genius. The meanness of the Jew belongs to the music-hall order of intelligence, and does not call here for respectful treatment.

On the other hand, it cannot reasonably be doubted that there is a disproportionate and embarrassing quantity of financial genius among the Jews. The financial mind is a type precisely opposite to its ancestral enemy, the plastic mind. The one is devoted to intangible things, the other to tangible. It is the ideal of fitness as opposed to the ideal of beauty. I am led to believe that the whole of Jewish esoteric history may be interpreted in the light of this conflict. It may be argued that the fountain of all ultimate anti-Semitism, mystical or rational, was not the Crucifixion, not any subsequently developed character of the Jews, but that primeval victory of the anti-aesthetic mind which succeeded in the veto of the plastic arts. After so decisive a victory it cannot be wondered that the party of the iconoclasts (who may perhaps have seen more advantageous uses for gold than the mere creation of a calf) remained for so long in the ascendant. It is typical that when at last the Jews were to become peculiarly associated with one of the arts, it should be actually that art of music, which in its abstractness and ideality is the nearest of the arts to mathematics, and indeed is the very apotheosis of fitness. It is symptomatic in the same way that in the further realm of athletics we should be more distinguished in chess than in baseball, although there are agreeable indications that the order is being reversed. When this faculty for the manipulation of abstractions, of which finance is the most

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frequent illustration, deteriorates from a faculty into a passion, from a passion into a disease, we are presented with that lust for gambling which is so usual a complaint against Jews.

YET the day of the golden calf is re-turning. Perhaps never before in Jewish history were young Jews so vitally concerned with the plastic arts, with the creation of new beauty in stone or paint. I have heard the suggestion made quite reverently that now, when the ancient danger of idolatry can no longer be feared, the addition of a studio to every synagogue might prove to the world our passion for the creation as well as the worship of beauty. Beauty much more than argument, said this theoretician, would effectively rout the forces of anti-Semitism. I would not care to subscribe to this theory. I do not believe there is any formula for the annulment of prejudice. I believe, however, despite all the present exacerbations of a post-war world, that civilized men are tending towards a generosity and clarity which would not have been thinkable in earlier epochs of human history. I am certain that the time will come (though it still is far ahead of us) when it will be deemed only a little more old-fashioned to be an anti-Semite than to be a cannibal.

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Warden Lawes and Capital Punishment

(Continued from page 251)

GOVERNOR SMITH'S plan for a sentencing commission is a great step toward that ideal. It would leave to the jury the labor of merely determining the defendant's guilt, and to the trial judge only the work of conducting the trial fairly and according to law. Then, by having a court made up of judges and physicians and psychiatrists and criminologists, we'd obtain uniformity of policy, which we haven't now with 150 different judges and a thousand different juries deciding what sentence a man should have.

"Eventually, I hope and believe, New York and all the other States which now provide for capital punishment will take a more enlightened view.

"The life sentence in those States providing for it is obtained and inflicted far oftener than the supporters of capital punishment will admit.

"Our murder rate would subside, I'd predict on the face of the statistics, if this State abolished the chair or even provided judges and juries with an option on capital punishment or life imprisonment.

"I have recommended for years that all defendants convicted of first degree murder should be sentenced to life imprisonment. My recommendation is that after the prisoner has served twenty years he shall be eligible for pardon or commutation, and that if he is given a commutation he may then begin to earn compensation and time off for good behavior.

"It should be specified, however, that no prisoner could be eligible for pardon or commutation until the twenty-year period was served, unless a majority of the Court of Appeals should rule that new evidence raises doubt of guilt or that certain facts warrant consideration of executive clemency.

"Most of the compensation a prisoner earned should be taken for the support of his dependents and the dependents of his victim, which would take a load from the taxpayers' shoulders.

"And—if you can stand it—let me give you just one more statistic: Of 180 men paroled over a five-year period after serving minimum terms here for various degrees of homicide, only three were brought back for violation of parole. None of these had committed any serious offense. They were out again in a few months, and have never yet come back.

"If that is not a remarkable record of reformation, I don't know what is."

HE smiled with unashamed pride of profession. Then he picked up his pen and shoved the pile of newspapers out of the way. As he did so, he glanced at them and a thought was stirred.

"I sometimes wish that Sing Sing had been built up in the wilderness of northern New York," he said, with humorous earnestness.

"I may be wrong, but I have an idea that if it took a full day for a reporter to come to the prison from New York, and that if the expense were greater and the accommodations were scant and poor—in general, if we weren't so infernally close to the city—we'd never be bothered except when the news actually warranted it.

"The punishment of prisoners, particularly capital punishment, ought to be carried out with as much privacy as possible, I believe. It would be easier for us, better for the prisoners, and certainly better for society at large."

Yet he conceded that the publication of accounts of executions, even the photograph of Mrs. Ruth Snyder seated in the chair, probably excited a public revulsion against capital punishment.

Suddenly there was a flash of the man's rare anger, a revelation of the stubborn hardness underlying his likeable external softness.

"Don't get the idea," he warned, "that this means I'm going to permit any excesses of sensational journalism if I can help it.

"The paper that obtained and used that picture after I had clearly put all the newspaper witnesses on their honor not to do such a thing is on my black list, and it is going to stay there.

"I'll play fair with any who'll play fair with me. That's the policy of the administration of this prison, the policy in effect toward the inmates and the staff.

"That picture may have created a thousand converts for the abolition of capital punishment. But I am the agent of the State of New York, the warden of Sing Sing Prison. The Prison Commission gives me a great deal of responsibility and personal authority, and some of its members disagree with me on the subject of the death penalty. But neither the Commission nor my administration of the prison is going to permit any cheapening of the law as the law stands or any prostitution of justice as justice is now constituted."

John Scott Haldane

On the Cause of Many Diseases

John Scott Haldane, M.D., fellow of New College, Oxford, England, in his Silliman lectures at Yale, says the two tap-roots of life are *secretion* and *excretion*. Much attention is paid to the secretion requirements of life in the form of rich and excessive quantities of food, but little to the stern requirements of excretion. It is all summed up by Foges, head of a great Vienna clinic, that the *twenty-eight feet of human intestinal tract is the most prolific source of disease*.

The reason is that faulty elimination permits putrefactive (meat) poisons in the intestinal tract in the presence of warmth and moisture, facilitated by delay (intestinal stasis, constipation and allied disorders), with the result that the body is infected with poisons carried by the blood stream. The overworked kidneys and liver let enough of these toxins get by to do irretrievable damage to vital organs. The infection of the heart is the principal reason why heart disease now leads tuberculosis as a cause of death. It also explains why we have bad tonsils, bad teeth, rheumatic joints, degeneration of the arteries, kidney and liver disease, etc., and why so many people do not have enough energy in reserve to sustain the strain of life, but die at ages around sixty and sixty-five, often much younger.

This is the field covered by the simply written, very interesting and thoroughly authoritative volume *The Lazy Colon*, by Charles M. Campbell and Albert K. Detwiller, M.D., of New York. It is not a health book in the ordinary sense, but derived from the investigations and discoveries of three hundred physicians and scientists of international reputation. The response, which required printings of 26,000 at the end of the second year, could hardly have been more enthusiastic. "The title might well have been *How to Add 20 Years to Your Life*," writes Chairman Green of the great revenue committee in Congress—the Ways and Means. Professor John Dewey, of Columbia, says: "You have rendered us all a service by making this material available." Ex-Chairman Owen, of the Finance Committee, U. S. Senate, writes: "I am directing five copies to be sent to friends." The late Judge Gary (head for twenty-four years and founder of the great United States Steel Corporation), who bought 12 copies for friends, wrote: "I have read this book with a great deal of interest and benefit. It is a fine piece of work, in a high degree original, wisely written and packed with facts from the most authoritative sources." Dr. Martin A. Barr, a noted author and physician, wrote to the publishers: "Sat up most of last night reading this delightful and masterly book."

Here is a partial list of the 36 chapter titles: Biggest Dividends Paid by a Healthy Colon; Mysteries of the Intestine Revealed by X-Rays; Putrefaction in the Colon and Its Consequences; Surprising Theories of Water-Drinking; Curious Causes of Intestinal Stasis; Startling Theory of Self-Poisoning; Story the Urine Tells; Hardening of the Arteries and High Blood Pressure; Purgatives, Their Proper and Improper Use; Greatest Menace of All; Intelligent Use of the Enema; The Coated Tongue—Its Cause and Meaning; Interesting Facts About Food; New Light on Longevity; Real Facts About Good Complexions, Good Teeth and Hair; Starting Right with Children.

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